MAYFAIR

30p
Vol. 6
No. 7

THE SUMMER'S SEXIEST HOLIDAY GIRL

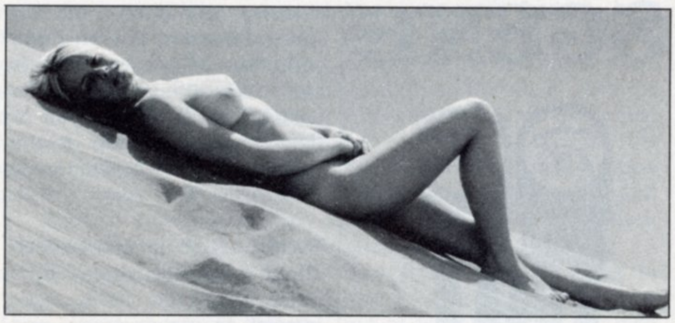
YOUR COMICS RE-THUMBED

WHAT GETS INTO BIRDS ABROAD?

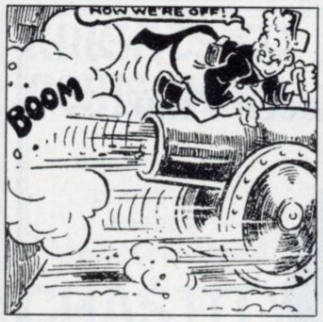
THE MADDEST ANARCHIST OF ALL

INCORPORATING King

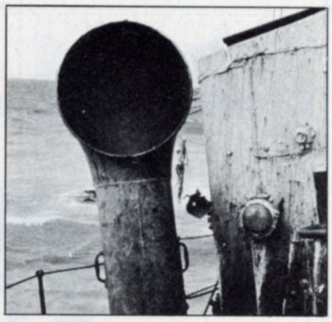
AUSTRIA 42 SCH BELGIUM 51·50 B FRS DENMARK 7·25 KR FINLAND 4·90 FM FRANCE 6 N FRS GERMANY 6DM HOLLAND 4·90 FL NORWAY 8·65 KR SWEDEN 6·90 KR SWITZERLAND 4·80 FRS U.S.A. AND CANADA $1



BLONDE SIZZLER ON BLONDE BEACH: P37



COMIC CUTS: P24



RUSTY RELIC: P45

MAYFAIR

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 7 ABC net paid circulation 137,611

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

NOTE: this number is not in the latest directory due to a GPO computer error

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
How Comical:	A bumper re-thumb through childhood funnies	*Denis Gifford*	24
Bombs Away:	Explosive fact versus anarchic fiction	*Ian Penn*	28
Tanker's Tale:	How rust and pollution can be picturesque	*Neil Fox*	45
Groovy Movie:	A pre-screen look at a new film		54

GIRLS

Chris:	A gorgeous trans-Atlantic treat		20
Carolyn:	The most sizzling blonde on the beach		37
Lyndy:	A fearless and forthright thirty-niner		60

HUMOUR

Rorty Regatta:	Sorting out the buoys from the girls	*Roy Raymonde*	11
Extra-mural Excursion:	School outing antics recalled	*Michael Priestley*	32
Tennis Balls:	Edward Knox on net-side knocking	*Illustrated by Ronald Cobb*	48
Gentlemen, that reminds me:	Mayfair's round-up of round-the-table tales		53

INFORMERS

Quest:	The second of a two-part series on girls on holiday		67
Motoring:	How can you pin down the student jalopy?	*William Boddy*	76

FICTION

The Party:	A leisurely encounter with a married woman	*John Hope*	50

READER SERVICES

Book Society/page 6 **Letters**/page 8 **Members' Club**/page 15 **Back numbers**/page 17 **Film Society**/page 64 **Subscription details**/page 74

CRITICS

Books: *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *David Quinlan* **Wine:** *Charles Fforde* **Nightlife:** *Kenneth Dowd* **Toiletries:** *Conrad Pierce* 14

* * *

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Features Editor **John Mackay**/Production Editor **Nevile C Player**/Photography **John Adams**/Fashion **Erica Crome**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Films **David Quinlan**/Clubs **Kenneth Dowd**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Editorial Assistant **Pamela Howell**/Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings**/Published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all material submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

The Family Cancer Plan . . .

Photo: Paul Ostrer

Costs less than the price of a cup of tea a day!*

Yet it provides individual cash benefits of up to £3000 enabling you to meet continuing family expenses should you, or any member of your family, be hospitalised with cancer.

Send coupon for details to Family Cancer Plan Ltd., 31 Lime Street, London, EC3.

Name ....

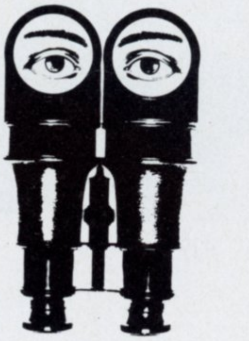
Address ....

....

Phone .... MJN.

**Based on the cost of a Family Cancer Plan for a husband, wife and two children under 18.*

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Do boyhood comics influence our later lives? Maybe not, you might think. Yet here at the Mayfair offices we've just had amusing proof that there's a little something in the suggestion.

Editor Kenneth Bound was leafing through the pages of a pre-War number of *Chick's Own*, of all things, when he floated back on a stream of nostalgia to the days when he'd just learned to read.

There before him was the first fiction character he'd ever grown to know and love: Rupert, the comic's cover mascot. He'd completely forgotten the existence of the cheeky chick, as you can imagine, or its early effect on him.

But then the amazing truth dawned. When his son was born he had given him the name Rupert. Never till now had he connected that choice of name with the character of the comic days. Once the recollection had been made, though, there was no doubt in his own mind that this was its true origin.

Quite what young Bound, R. will say when he's old enough to realise he was named after a yellow chicken in a nightcap is altogether another matter.

And what on earth, you may ask, was the Editor doing flicking through *Chick's Own*, anyway? For the answer turn to page 25 and the first of Denis Gifford's two-part survey of boyhood comics.

Gifford, who has been drawing for comics since he left school – first with the *Beano* and then with *Knockout* – has also written three books on the cinema, including one on *Movie Monsters*. His extensive collection of comics, annuals and 'free gifts' formed the basis of the British section of the comics exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts earlier this year.

Even if you're not exactly loco about locos but display little more than the usual male interest in steam trains and happen to be down South Devon way this summer, you may be interested in the DVR. The initials stand for the Dart Valley Railway, one of the few surviving standard gauge private passenger railways in the country.

It recently got a new managing director, Terry Holder, former circulation manager at the *Economist* magazine, who's been livening things up a bit.

Now he's started a special 'bubbly run' for Friday summer evenings. For your £5 ticket you get a picturesque seven miles from Buckfastleigh to Totnes – plus champagne in the meadows before returning.

The railway first got up steam a few years ago when a supporters' club of 300 shareholders subscribed £49,000.

Holder, a former manager of the Romney, Hythe and Dimchurch Line, realises that not everybody will want to lash out that fiver for the champagne. The normal return fare for the run is 40p, or 20p extra if you want to ride in the splendid observation car – a relic from the old Devon Belle, which used to run from Waterloo to Ilfracombe.

Local councils, full of retired grocers and ladies in floral hats, don't usually strike us as being in the vanguard of permissiveness. Yet Hammersmith Council has just recently demonstrated that it is prepared to show a progressive leg.

The council's health education committee put out a poster showing a couple in a particularly naked clinch.

It was to have been displayed on 80 hoardings around the borough, but the poster viewing committee of the Poster Advertising Industry has banned it – because it shows too much.

The committee – which includes representatives of the British Poster Advertising Association, British Transport

Advertising and London Transport – explained: 'We know from experience that if we had allowed the Hammersmith poster to go through, it would have offended thousands of people.'

Now the nude poster will only appear on the council's own hoardings. A special silhouette version has been produced for display elsewhere.

But the controversy has had one curious side-effect. The council originally ordered 500 copies, but has had to print a further 500 to meet demand from outside the borough. Hammersmith's health education officer, Jay Searle-Jordan, who designed the poster, has even received requests for it from America.

For those of you who don't live in Hammersmith, we reprint the relevant part of the offending poster above right.

Hammersmith's forbidden clinch

You may have had your last chance to see the delightfully naked twins, Mary and Madeline Collinson. The two of them together, at any rate. Mary has announced that she's had enough of nudity and is refusing to strip for her joint title role in Hammer's new horror film *Twins of Evil*. Madeline, on the other hand, still gives the impression she is never happier than when baring all.

The 18-year-old twins started on the road to fame when they appeared in Mayfair last year sharing a single bikini (Vol. 5, No. 6).

All this at a time when Sophia Loren is making it known that she would consider nude film scenes – 'if they were done in an artistic and nice way.'

Whatever next department: a London travel company has started offering packaged holidays in the nude.

Described as being for 'venturers and naturists,' the holidays come for as little as £29 for eleven days if you go by coach and £36 if you go by air.

The thinking behind the idea is that whereas ordinary folks who'd like to be a little bit daring might feel a little reluctant to strip off at home, they might feel less so abroad.

With completely straight face, the company says: 'Clothes are not worn during the day anywhere in the Club, thus presenting the fascinating opportunity for nude shopping in the well stocked supermarket.'

The only stipulation is that you dress for dinner. Of course.

And just where is this naked paradise? In Yugoslavia. Who said those Reds were puritanical?

Yet another sex shop. The latest to open in London is Lovecraft in Tottenham Court Road.

Readers visiting London frequently phone the Readers' Service to inquire about the sex boutiques. So here are the details on this one.

Run by blonde manageress Miss Mina Jacconelli, assisted by a team of mini-skirted dollies, it has a bright and breezy appearance, at first sight not much different from any other self-service store.

It's open six days a week from nine in the morning till midnight.

About time too, some of our increasing number of female readers may think: a new magazine has appeared in New York with a nude male in the centre spread. Titled *New Woman*, it also has articles on strip-teasing and how to cope with the menopause.

But, coming nearer home, that's nothing on Charlie Miller.

Charlie, of Woodford, Essex, who's married and has a small daughter, has recently hit the stage as a male stripper. 35-year-old Charlie thinks there's a big future in it. 'When women have a night out they want to see strippers – just like their husbands do.'

And what does Mrs. Miller think? 'I don't mind Charlie stripping off. It's like window shopping, I suppose. The women can look but they mustn't touch.'

'sex toys'

These fabulous 'sex toys' or sexual aids and devices are fascinating and fun to use. They are important in fulfilling a satisfactory sexual union. The superb and exciting range of sexually rewarding aids available through Oscar Services are designed to combat 'Nymphs Nausea' (the under-responsive female) and the severest of 'Brewers Droop' (sexually impaired male). Apart from the obviously therapeutic application of these aids there is no reason why couples with normal healthy sexual appetites should not benefit from their usage. Aids to choose from include fascinating and stimulating condoms, padded sheaths, extension sheaths, electric massagers, clitoral stimulators, prosthetics, tablets, capsules, creams, lotions, plus hundreds more. Personal callers are always welcome.

oscar services

THE FIRST NAME IN SEXUAL AIDS!

POST TODAY! Oscar Services, P.O. Box 31, 138 Gladys Avenue, North End, Portsmouth P02 9BW.

Please send me without obligation your super colour catalogue!

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

MAY I

LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

When I was on exercises out in Cyprus, an officer from the Academy who had just arrived in Cyprus came out into the field to see us. With him, he brought some mail from England. I was surprised and delighted to find I had been sent the two latest editions of Mayfair.

Your magazine is a great morale booster and all those who had a look through the two editions were feeling merrier afterwards.

Please continue the good work.

S. Slade (Officer Cadet) Burma Company, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, Surrey

While looking round for a small sports car with which to extend my ego during the summer I collected a catalogue for the MG Midget, my first choice, to find that it was the catalogue for the American export version of the car. Reading through it, I realised that the US Midget has a host of built-in extras not provided on the standard model for the British market.

The American car has wire wheels, triple windscreen wipers, sun visors, wind-tone horns, seat head-rests, a drivers' side wing mirror – all of which are extras on the home model, plus a far superior thickly padded dash layout.

I appreciate there have to be some vagaries between models – left and right hand drive for instance – but I wonder why accessories fitted to the export model as standard safety features under US laws cannot now be incorporated into the British model. Should the British buyer have to put up with an inferior model when the Americans get so much more for their money?

F. Barron, Mortlake (full address withheld on request)

A spokesman for BLMH at Longbridge, tells us: Strict American safety and anti-pollution laws require various modifications to British cars before they can be exported. To fit these extras to the British model would raise the price out of proportion. For example: It would be cheaper to purchase car and wing mirror separately and then affix one to the other than to buy the car with the mirror affixed. Otherwise you pay for labour involved in affixing the mirror and purchase tax on the mirror, you wouldn't normally pay, because it is fitted to the car. By US law, the extras mentioned by Mr Barron, except perhaps for the wire wheels, have to be fitted before the car can be sold to the public. But there is one great advantage the British buyer has over the American. US anti-smog rules mean the engine has to be fitted with certain exhaust emission devices, etc, which however effective, must impair the performance of the engine. The British model has no such impedimenta and can be expected to out-perform the US model.

Mike George's talkpiece, 'Know any nice dollies good at picking wedlocks?' in Vol. 6 No. 4 is quite typical of the wishful thinking that we married men indulge in and our lack of action when it comes to the push. It seems that a mental affaire in which we can make the girls be what we want them to be is not only easier than actually seducing one, but far more attractive.

It happened to me at a party I recently attended with my wife. The lighting in the main room where my wife and I were dancing was quite dim. Looking over my wife's shoulder I noticed a young girl in hot pants and long boots who was trying to catch my eye. When I went to get some drinks the girl followed me out of the room to the kitchen. In the crush round the bar she asked me to get her a drink.

For the rest of the party whenever my wife left the room she came over to me and once during the dancing I felt her behind me touching my back.

I could easily have asked the girl's name and address or probably even seduced her there and then, but to know the girl actually fancied me was enough. It gave my ego a great fillip and I didn't have to prove my sexual prowess or compromise myself. To be fancied was enough.

I think far more married men bolster their egos by believing other women fancy them than by actually doing anything about it. Besides which the sex act in a situation like this can turn out to be a big anti-climax. I'd be interested to hear other readers' experiences in this.

F.G., Staines, Middlesex (full name and address withheld on request)

These days we are seeing the publication of a multitude of sex-orientated novels and text books.

I think the time has now come for a book of the works of a certain artist with a more light-hearted approach to sex.

I refer, of course, to the superb portrayer of 'see-through, nylon-clad nipple, panti-view skirt secrets', Mr Ronald Cobb. Mr Cobb manages to convey a rare spice of eroticism which touches on genius. As a fitting finale to such a book incorporating the best of Mr Cobb's drawings from Mayfair (Secretaries; Period Costume; Schoolgirls; Secrets that skirts can tell; etc) Mr Cobb might consider a wicked little striptease in say, twenty stages, by one of his girls.

P.M., Denham, Bucks (full name and address withheld on request)

In your article 'Skirts can't keep secrets' (Vol. 6 No. 4) you have given a valid pointer to the psychology of female garb. But have you considered the girl who wears all the outfits – for separate occasions or depending on the mood she is in? If I see a girl wearing a mini how can I tell whether she is a completely outward-going girl; a repressed or depressed girl on a fling; or a chick with all her maxis at the dry cleaners? My present girlfriend has a more complex character. She is, like many woman, susceptible to her own moods. She alternates between all types of costume according to whim or weather and I have learnt to judge her feelings by her clothes.

When she meets me wearing a mini I know she's feeling light-hearted and the evening is going to be very outward-going.

When she's wrapped in midi or maxi she's feeling moody, even mean, and is just as likely to end up bidding me good-night without so much as a kiss as she is to drag me to bed without any preamble.

Surprisingly enough in a low topped dress with most of her breasts showing she is going to be demure and small-girlish.

In trousers or jeans and sweater, she'll want me to take her to a quiet pub and just sit chatting and holding hands all evening.

K.T., York (full name and address withheld on request)

So, skirts can't keep secrets, eh?

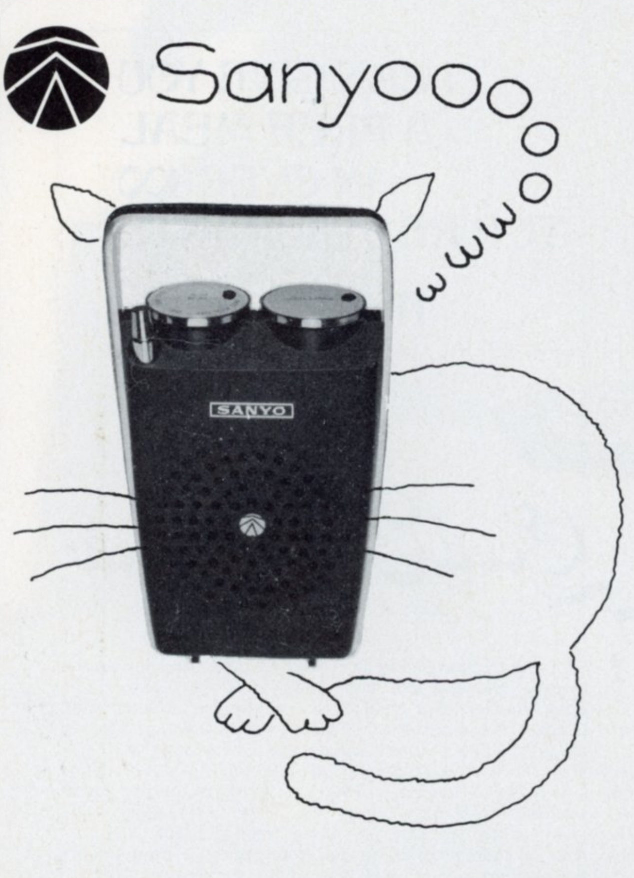
Well, gentlemen, my new secretary's skirt certainly does. She is a superb chick – nicely built and soft voiced – but she always wears a midi. On her first day I did get a flash when two buttons at the top of her thigh came undone – which gave me a sneaking glimpse of what goes on beneath that woolly knee-length shroud. But since then, no matter how I position myself, my gaze is allowed no farther than her delectable knees.

I managed to dictate a letter last week, beginning: 'Dear knees . . .' but she fails to take any of my copious hints.

R.K., Kingsdown Road, Bristol 2 (name withheld on request)

As technology moves ahead in leaps and bounds I wonder what new forms of mass entertainment will be available in fifty years' time. We've seen radio, gramophone, cinema and television have their periods of mass popularity. What comes next. The 'Feelies' of

turn to page 10



SANYO RADIO · TV · AUDIO · CASSETTE EQUIPMENT

JOIN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION!

FILL YOUR SEX-LIFE WITH NEW SENSATIONS

More spice! More variety! More excitement!

Sex has more to offer than you imagine. We cater for sophisticates by supplying everything needed to increase the intensity of sexual pleasure. Scientifically designed and medically approved, these aids can also overcome the minor problems of physical incompatibility which prevent one partner or the other enjoying complete fulfilment. We have an extensive range, including items never before available in this country. Why not write or call.

Harmony For FREE copy of illustrated Brochure **"Harmony"** write to:

Room 8 **THE PELLEN CENTRE,**
1A West Green Road, Tottenham, London, N.15.
or call personally 10 a.m. – 6 p.m. including Saturdays.
Closed Thursday 2 p.m. (near Seven Sisters Underground)

LETTERS

continued from page 8

Huxley's Brave New World or something worse – a dream machine.

The nightmarish horror of tampering with the mind to induce new sensations was brought home in Vol. 6 No. 4 by L. P. Davies' story 'An Evening Gone' where a married man saves for years to have a 'dream machine' installed and then finds he is a part of someone else's dream sequence. The circle goes on ad infinitum. It is a warning that the unknown untapped resources of the mind – which could well span a fourth dimension are well left alone.

An era where people experiment with their own minds is not necessarily so far away – already drugs like LSD can produce quite incredible hallucinatory patterns in which time and reality can be stretched to encompass half a lifetime within the space of just a few hours.

A. Manners, Cromwell Road, SW5

If manufacturers of racing cars and accessories need naked dolly birds to help promote their cause then thank heavens for that and may they keep on doing it, please – far more interesting than a lot of racing cars anyway.

When I first saw Venicia Day (Vol. 6 No. 4) in the Sun newspaper, sitting half naked on a racing car at the opening of the racing car show at Olympia, I thought, now there's a girl Mayfair could well pluck from her unappreciative metallic surroundings and install between their colour pages.

Two months later I open my Mayfair and there she is. Well done and let's hope you do it again, and again . . .

S. Jackson, Quernmore Road, Lancaster

I have long been an aficionado of the female bottom. After years of perusal and study I have finally gazed upon the perfect posterior. Miss Venicia Day (Vol. 6 No. 4) has the pertest, roundest and most delicious bottom ever, the ultimate bum if I may be familiar. I name her the pertest bottom of the decade. Thank you and keep up the good work.

F. T. Peters, Manchester (full address withheld on request)

Venicia Day tells us: Mr Peters is very kind to say that I have a nice bottom, but a girl likes to know the rest of her is attractive as well.

In reply to a further comment by Edward Knox, Miss Day said that she would not be seen in public with her bottom uncovered until clothing fashions reached that stage. At the moment she favours very tight and short hot pants.

I'd like to refer to the letter from Mr J. L. Sloane in Vol. 6 No. 1 in which he asks for 'mood shots of beautiful girls in scant clothing, working on an old Thames barge'.

Never mind about the old Thames barge (a kinky fancy if ever there was one); but a big *yes* to Mr Sloane's request for mood shots of beautiful girls in scant clothes. And another big *yes* to your own playful footnote in which you referred to fishnet stockings, black ones of course, very long and self supporting. And don't forget the high-heeled black patent leather shoes.

My tastes are simple, as you see.

A.E., Ruislip, Middlesex (full name and address withheld)

Warning to all tightly knickered, high-heeled bargees – man going overboard.

In light of a recent experience I am writing to you on the subject of sex in the cinema – not on screen, but what takes place in the back of the circle.

While spending a holiday in London I met, during lunch in a small tea shop, an attractive mini-skirted girl.

She was off work that afternoon and I invited her out. She agreed and promised to show me the sights of the city.

After an hour it began to rain heavily. She grabbed my hand and we ran along the street until she swerved into a cinema foyer. Telling me to book seats in the circle, she varnished into a side door, to reappear in a dark blue overall. 'I work here,' she grinned at me. 'But not today.'

Expertly she led the way to the rear row of the dimly lit circle. I honestly have no idea what the film was about. Shortly after we sat down she turned to me and we started necking furiously. I discovered apart from her knee-length boots and overall my usherette was quite

turn to page 80

Sexual Confidence

STUD Spray for men is easily and discreetly applied in advance, reducing over sensitivity and its resulting embarrassment and disappointment.

Helps prolong sexual pleasure.

Provides the man with increased confidence in his ability to satisfy and enjoy. Orders received in strictest confidence. 3″ aerosol pack dispatched under plain cover. £1·75 includes p & p.

Also manufactured by Stud

Creme de Caresse
A light, fluffy mousse oil – soft, sensuous, stimulating. Spray it on, gently caress it in – for a silky sexy feel all over. £1·75 incl. p & p.

A Taste of Honey
An exclusive, long-life personal hygiene spray to keep you fresh all day. Uniquely flavoured with the tang of fruit. Orange, strawberry, banana or peppermint. £1·60 incl.

Hormone Cream
For full bust beauty and skin vitality. Contains the vital female hormones which control breast development and nourish skin tissues. £3.00 incl.

Intimate Sexual Lubricant
Deep penetrating aerosol spray for intimate lubrication as an aid to lovemaking. £1·75 incl. p & p.

Prodamin Contraceptive Tablets
An approved modern, hygienic vagitory for birth control the convenient way. Foil pack of ten just 50p incl. p & p.

Dept K6, The Prodan Co.
Stud Holdings Limited
PO Box 521, Chelsea, London S.W.3.

Please supply by return (marked "Private") the following:

Quantity

☐ cans Stud Spray for Men
☐ cans Creme de Caresse
☐ cans A Taste of Honey
(flavour:)
☐ cans Hormone Cream
☐ cans Intimate Sexual Lubricant
☐ packs Prodamin tablets

I enclose cash/PO/cheque ....
Name: ....
Address: ....

JANE SCOTT

for genuine friends

Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness

Details free

Stamp to Jane Scott,
50/MAY, Maddox St.,
London W1R 0LY

Open 24 hours a day,
7 days a week.
Try a sensational

LINDA MASSAGE

LONDON SAUNA CABINS

47, Bedford St.,
Strand, WC2.
01-240 2748

LETTERS

continued from page 10

naked. She whispered that she had removed her street clothes because they were wet and uncomfortable.

She spread her thighs to my exploring hands and her bottom bounced on the edge of her seat.

When she climaxed, gasping loudly, I was scared that someone might hear or see what was going on.

Later she took me to the staff room. In conversation with another usherette it became apparent that quite a number of couples used this particular cinema for heavy petting – at times, even intercourse. I was surprised to learn that the usherettes generally ignore what is going on and leave the lovers to it.

S.R., Doncaster (full name and address withheld on request)

Following your recent correspondence on readers' experiences at weddings I would like to add my own.

Last spring, I went with my husband, who was best man, to his brother's wedding – a registry office affair. After the reception – a lengthy and generous session, my husband had to drive the bride and groom to the station. As they had not much time to spare and I wasn't quite ready to leave, I agreed to make my own way home by taxi.

I was followed out of the door from the reception by a young friend of the groom who had heard my last words and offered to run me home in his car. I was quite merry and happy to accept the lift. Almost immediately in the car, he asked me whether I didn't wish I was just going on honeymoon. I was sufficiently 'far gone' to agree, whereupon he laid his hand on my knee and suggested: 'Why not?'

It was just getting towards dusk by this time and when I realised he was driving in the opposite direction to my home, I felt a strange excitement, rather than the fear I would have expected in such a situation.

Shortly he stopped the car down a quiet track, then immediately leaned over and began to kiss me. Thinking about it now, it doesn't seem possible that I allowed a virtual stranger to strip me almost naked in those few minutes. After that it was almost a formality that I sat on him and made love for my first and only time in a car, experiencing with his help, one of my rare orgasms.

It was certainly a wedding I shall not forget and I feel sure it was the occasion and not just my merry state that caused me to take part in the events afterwards so willingly, as I have met my seducer since without any feeling of desire whatsoever.

Mrs M.R., Cheshire (full name and address withheld on request)

Pure Mayfair mastery. 'Round The Next Corner' (Vol. 6 No. 4) left me feeling as though I'd driven the races myself.

M. Wright, Bodmin, Cornwall

'Round The Next Corner' was a fitting tribute to the memory of Frenchman Pierre Levegh. His sheer courage and determination would serve as an example for any man with the odds stacked against him. It made me feel good. There's always someone with a bigger problem than your own.

S. Henderson, Derby (full address withheld on request)

I was within sight of the Le Mans stands in 55 when Levegh crashed (Round The Next Corner, Vol. 6 No. 4).

Your climactic account of that accident and the race of 52 brought the scene flooding back.

The sight of the Mercedes exploding across the track like a thermite bomb – it had a light magnesium alloy body – was not a sight easily forgotten.

For timeless seconds the entire racing fraternity remained motionless, paralysed with shock like some gruesome tableau. Then the screams of the injured filtered through our consciousness and people all around were suddenly galvanised into action. I never felt so powerless in my life. The other cars in the race went on circling the track and there was little one could do but stare across the track as survivors tended the injured and dying. It was like a battlefield, too horrific to remember in detail.

I learnt later that a macabre sequel took place at the same time on the other side of the track.

Apparently a smaller car crashed at the same time as Levegh's accident but on

another part of the course. People were so concerned with getting ambulances to the scene of the main disaster that the other accident was largely ignored and there were long delays before an ambulance reached him.
S. Turner, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire (full address withheld on request)

I was intrigued to note that in your Quest interview with the young temporary secretary from West Ham (Vol. 6 No. 2) when the boy and girl were kissing in the office corridor, the girl said: 'It's as bad as a corridor train.'

I wondered if she had had a sexual experience while travelling by train. Several of my friends boast of conquests made and consummated during train journeys but only once has something like this happened to myself.

It was on a fairly full train from Carlisle to London. I had been in Carlisle on business for a week without making much headway with the girls and was in a hurry to get back to my London girlfriend.

In the stand up buffet I caught the eye of a young girl in mini skirt and sloppy sweater. She was quite plain facially but her breasts were large and obvious under the sweater. We were both standing by a window drinking coffee and it seemed very natural to start chatting. After an hour or so she said she was feeling tired and I offered to escort her back to her compartment.

The train started slowing and we opened a corridor window to look out and see what was happening. We were very close together and before I knew what was happening we were holding each other and kissing. My hands were under her sweater as we pulled into the station and as I made to take them away she told me to leave them there as she leaned out of the window.

We remained at the corridor window for an hour after that, until we reached her station.

She left me with her address and phone number but the only time I phoned she apologised for what she had done – claiming the motion of the train had excited her – and begged me not to call and see her or phone again as she was engaged to be married.
T.W., Richmond, Surrey (full name and address withheld)

Mr Stone of Southampton (Vol. 5 No. 12) asks if the female of the species is more cruel than the male. Anyone with any experience of women will confirm that this is so. It is the woman who insists upon being pleasured to the full, and then wants to continue even after the man is exhausted.

Ray Raymonde's drawing in Vol. 5 No. 6 – 'now, who's run out of petrol?' is to some men one of his funniest, but reminds those married to an over-sexed wife of the innumerable humiliations they have suffered. Many a henpecked husband is first subdued in bed, perhaps all.

A friend of mine is married to an arrogant young beauty who flirts outrageously with all his friends and allows them all sorts of intimate familiarities just so that she can enjoy seeing him writhe with jealousy. Some of her behaviour is almost incredible, yet I believe she really loves her husband. She has this cruel streak that Mr Stone mentions and she delights in teasing her husband knowing well that he loves her too much to leave her.
P.B., Hastings, Sussex (full name and address withheld on request)

I am against full frontal nudity in Mayfair. Once that sort of thing becomes important there is a danger of it being over emphasised to the detriment of all else – especially that delightful spectacle, rear-end nudity. And what's all the fuss about Gabrielle Nolan – apparently no bottom at all? Let us have more of Alison Reed (mark two) please.
J.S., SW1 (full name and address withheld on request)

It's nice to know that I am not alone. My girlfriend who is quite gorgeous and means everything to me, has always had a thing about being made captive as part of the sexual game. She never misses an opportunity to provoke this situation. At first I found this a little unusual but am now convinced that without this type of erotic behaviour we would never reach the pleasure we achieve with it.

I now find that I do everything possible to further her satisfaction. One of her most favoured positions is to have each wrist fastened separately to each ankle. This, she says,

turn to page 82

KNIGHTS TO REMEMBER

Astonish and amuse your friends. Mediaeval styled

CHASTITY BELT

Magnificently reproduced in heavy studded leather, complete with padlock. A great talking point displayed in your pad. Only £4.75, or two 3 p stamps for *illustrated* details. *Also* photo sets of "Girl in Leather". Send £1.00 to:

Ivanhoe Products,
PO Box 1,
Attleborough,
Norfolk

"THE VENDORS' CLUB"

We are adding new horizons to motoring by making it easy and inexpensive for you to change, sell & buy your cars privately as frequently as you please.

'Goodbye' to shattering losses, hit or miss advertising and the enforced and costly compromise of part-exchange.

Now £3.15 and a moment's whim can put you at the wheel of a different model, on the road to new-found freedom.

Write to us for the facts now:
'The Vendors' Club,'
763c Finchley Rd.,
London N.W.11.
Or 'phone us: 01-458 5676/7

(The chaotic lovelife that such enormous scope can cause is entirely unintended.)

WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?

A special kind, with special tastes, interests and attitudes. Dateline Computer Dating sifts through thousands to find the girls nearest to your desires. For friendship, love or marriage, let Dateline find your partner in a few days. Post the coupon for full details.

Dateline

Dateline Limited, 23, Abingdon Rd.,
London, W.8. Tel: 937 0102.
Please send me details in confidence and without obligation.
Name________________
Address________________
M67

FOR YOU PERSONALLY

Exciting scientifically matched dates! The reliable, inexpensive, modern way to meet the opposite sex, all ages, all areas.

Write: S.I.M. (114)
Braemar House,
Queens Road,
Reading, Berks.

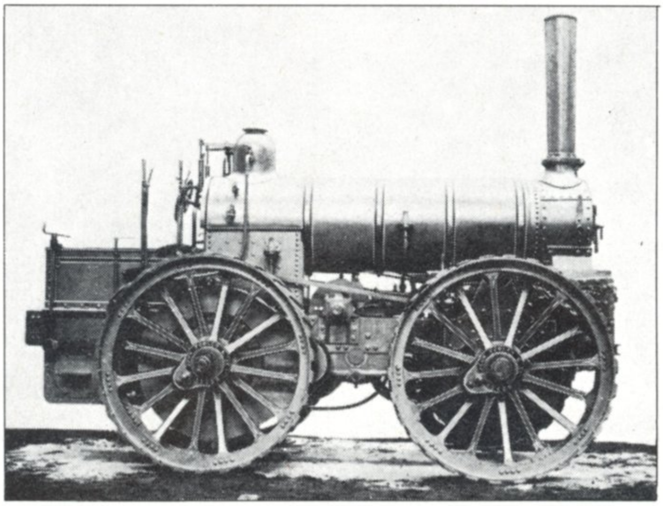
Please send me details
Name ....
Address..................

LETTERS

continued from page 81

leaves her helpless but accessible although not uncomfortable. One of the games we play is a slave market in which I bid modest sums of money while she undulates around the room dressed in eastern style clothing. After the price has been agreed I lead her away and tie her to the bed, by which time she is beside herself in anticipation.
F.J., Worthing, Sussex (full name and address withheld)

I'd like to suggest to Mr John Nicholls of Cheshire (Vol. 6 No. 3) that he try wearing those widely advertised paper briefs for men. They're soft and most comfortable to wear and they're made to fit any size of hips, too.
K. S. Wah, Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, SW5



I found Neil Fox's article on traction engines (Vol. 6 No. 4) highly imformative and interesting. However, he failed to point out that credit for the first ever model of a road steam engine in Britain must go to a Cornishman by the name of Murdock.

Murdock built his model at Redruth between 1781 and 1784, a second and larger version in 1792 and a steam carriage in 1794 – though none met with great success.

One further point: Was there ever such a machine as a four wheel drive traction engine? A friend of mine tells me there was, but doesn't know who built it.
J.K.M., Redruth, Cornwall (full name and address withheld)

Neil Fox writes: Yes there was. It is pictured above. A Whittingham patent under-type engine with four equal size wheels, all driven, it was first exhibited at the 1886 Royal Show at Norwich by Fowler. However it proved difficult to steer and was never put into large scale production.

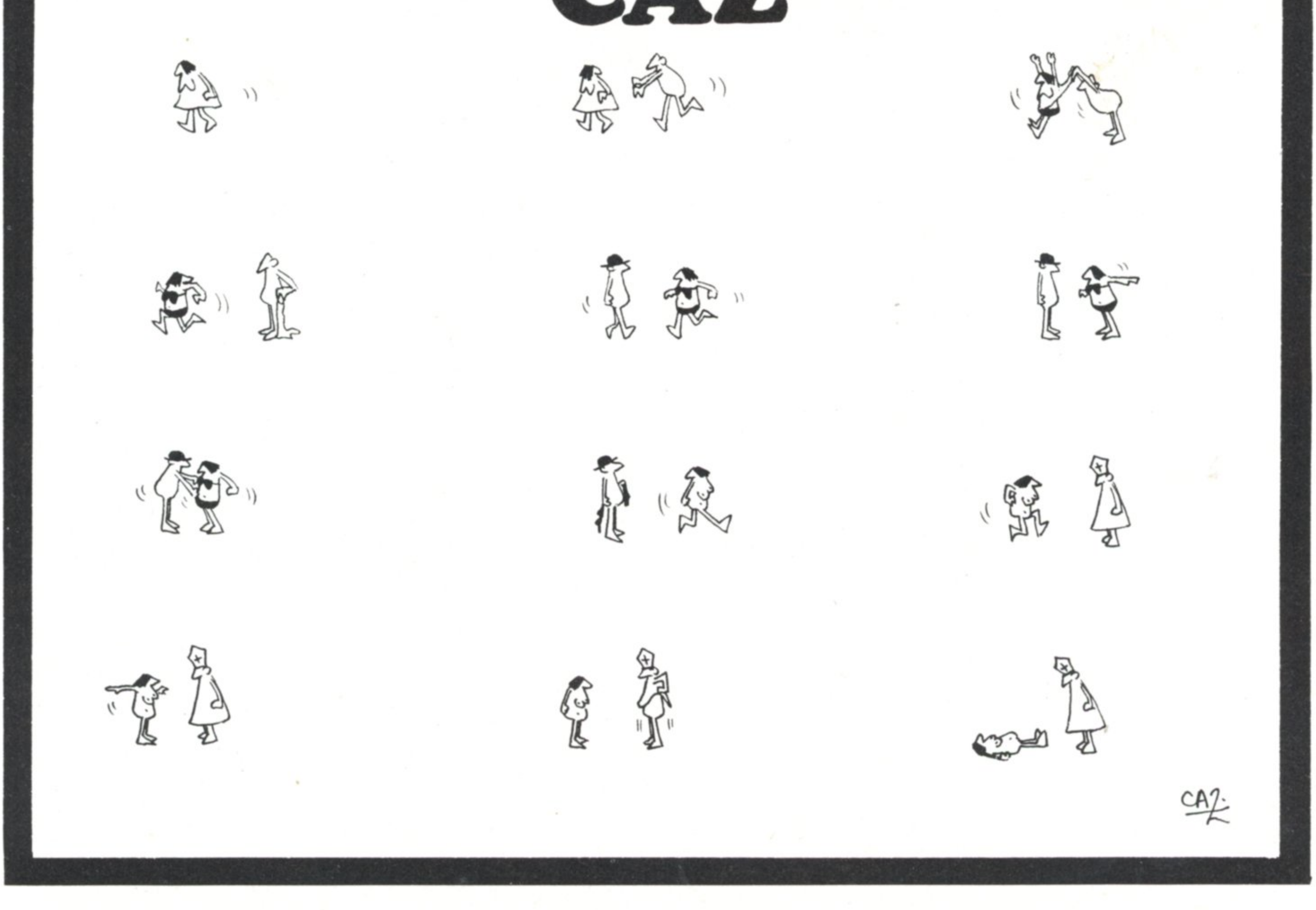
Ah, steam. Your traction engine photographs in Vol. 6 No. 4 so beautifully photographed and printed prompts me to remember watching the old steam goods lorries with open cabs on solid rubber tyres running around the docks and markets of Liverpool when I was very small and very young.

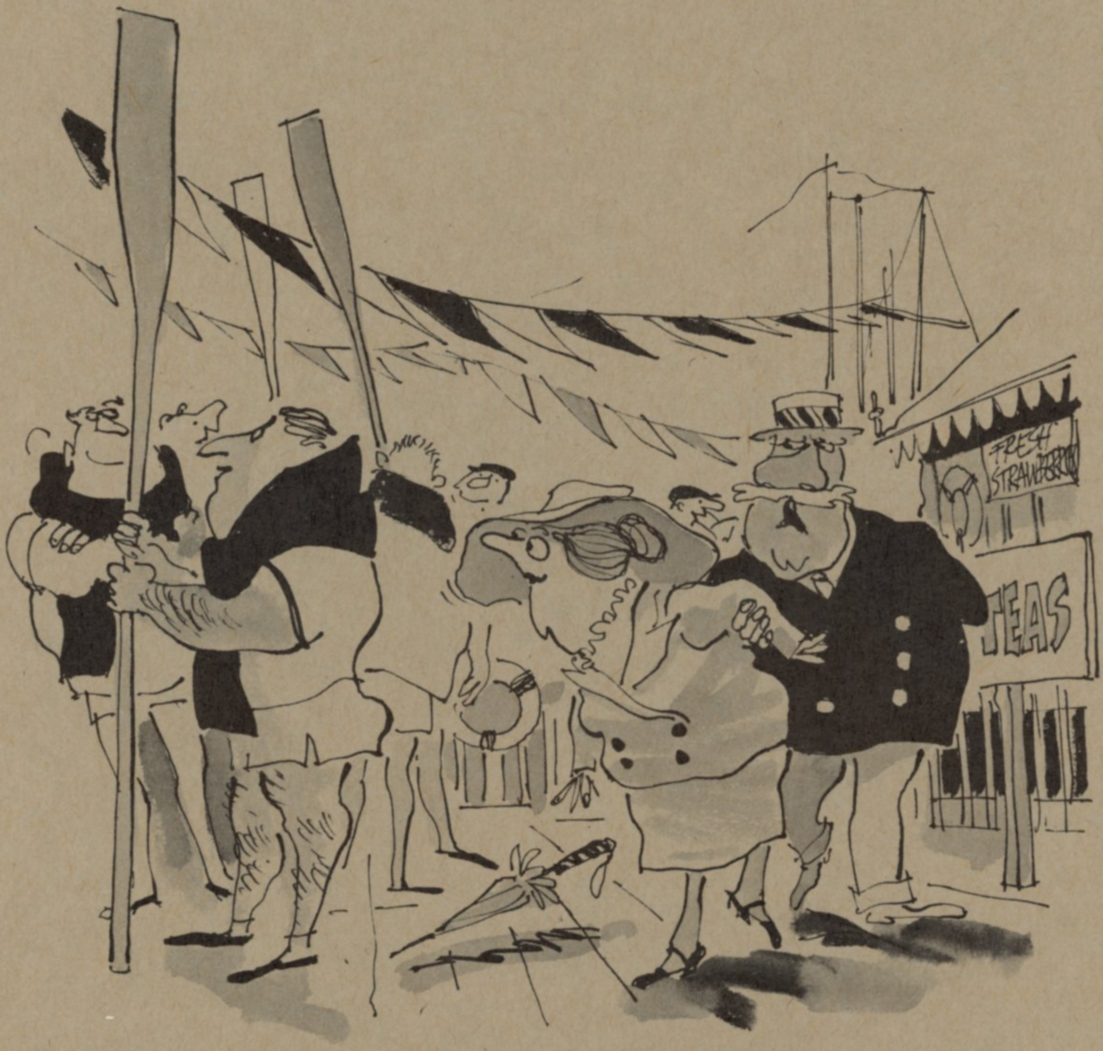
They fascinated me to such an extent that my father used to take me with him on his way to the market in the early hours of the morning just to watch them steaming to and fro with their loads of fruit, fish and meat.

One of the high points of my childhood was to be lifted into the cab of one of these puffing monsters and driven twice round the square with a hand on the tiller next to the driver's. I still remember the particular smell of oil and smoke, the warmth of the boiler at the front of the open cab and the large funnel which poked through the roof reminiscent of a railway engine. Thanks for the memory.
K. Greves, Croxteth Road, Liverpool

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ

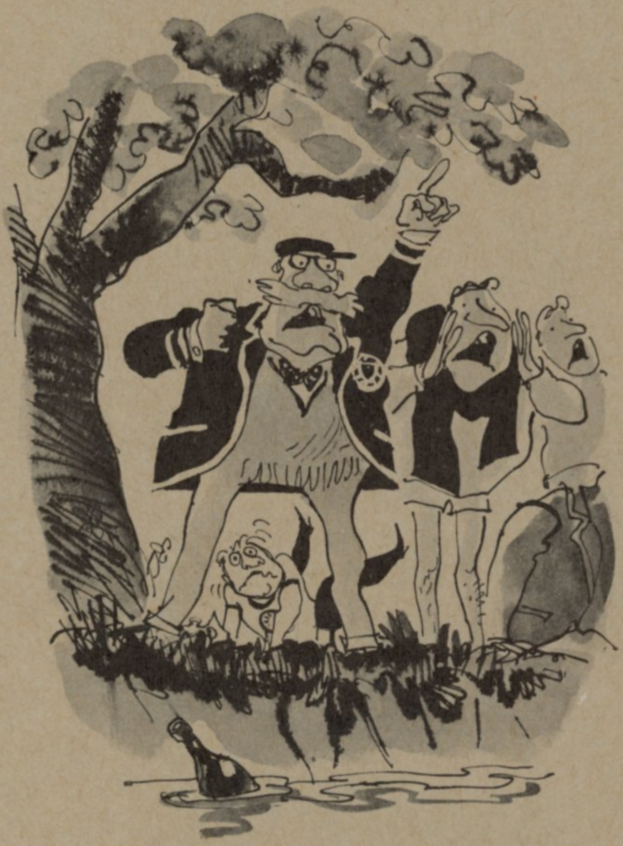




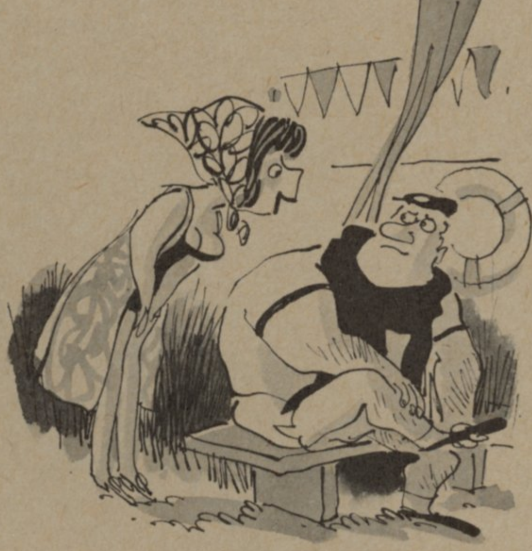
'. . . and another thing, Anthea – I'd be obliged if you would curb your demned curiosity when they announce that Myrtlepool Rowing Club have the biggest cox here this afternoon.'

Let's all pull together

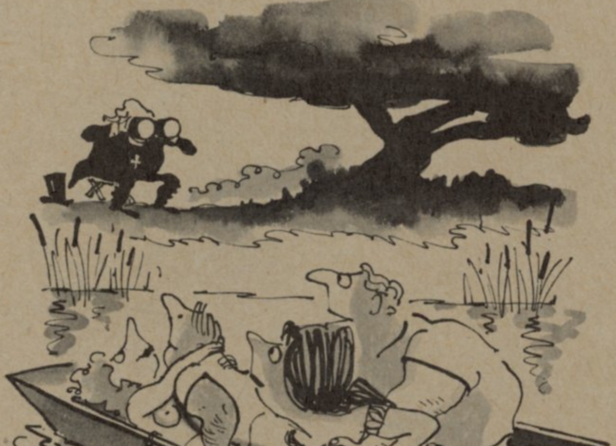
It's Henley Regatta time. And
Roy Raymonde reminds us there's a racier
side to messing about in boats



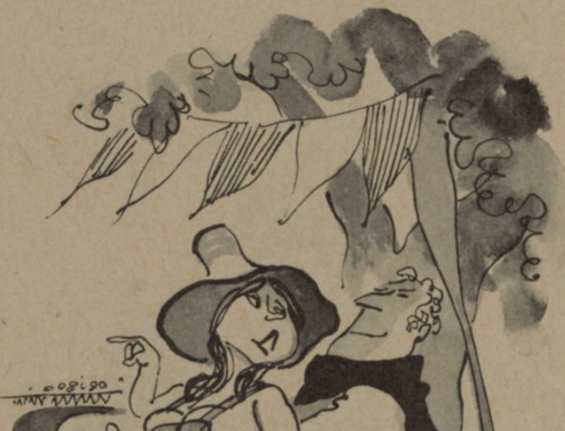
'Lengthen your stroke, man – you'll never get anywhere tickling it!'



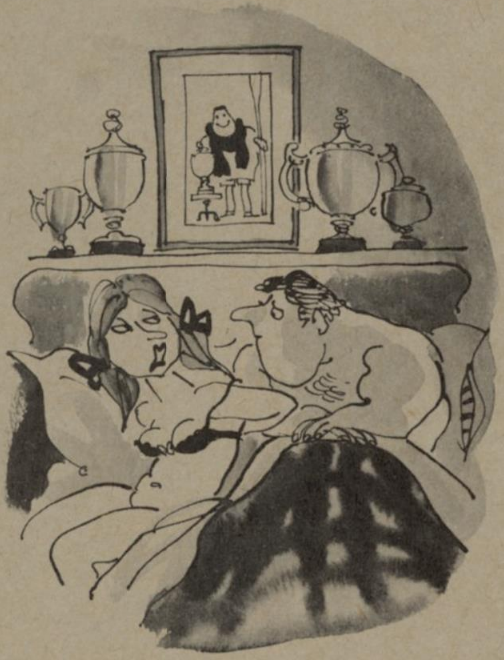
'Don't think I'm prying – but is it true you were disqualified for having oversized rowlocks?'



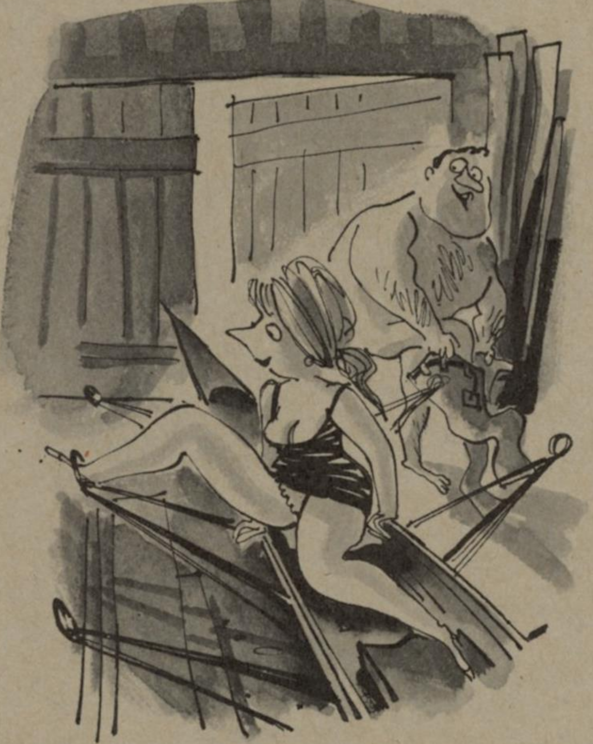
'Don't tell me it's the Bishop of Buckingham!'



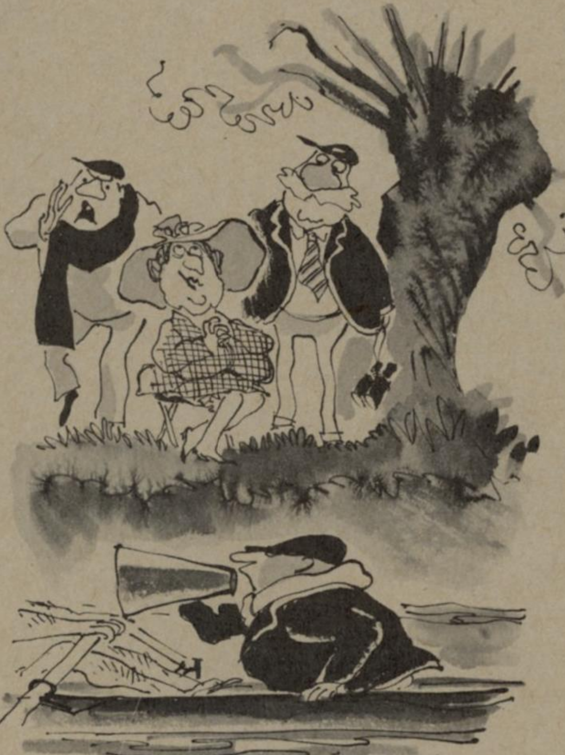
'Come on, Nigel – it's time you showed me this Grand Cup you've set your heart on.'



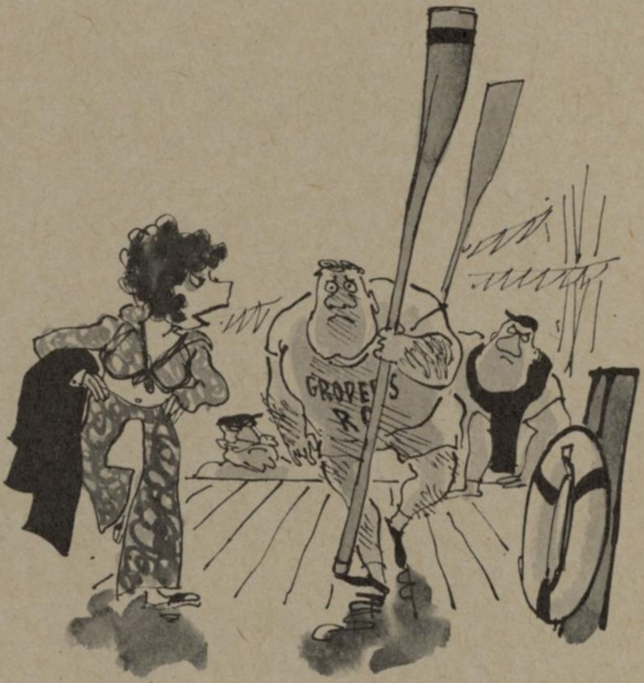
'Well, I certainly won't give you a cup for getting there first with fewer strokes than anyone else.'



'That's the idea, Stephanie – now your left foot in the other one. I'll explain the sliding later . . .'



'Oh, Bertie – aren't you overcome by nostalgia when you hear that evocative "In – out – in – out"?'



'Trust you to catch a crab – now everybody's going to think you caught it from me!'

BOOKS

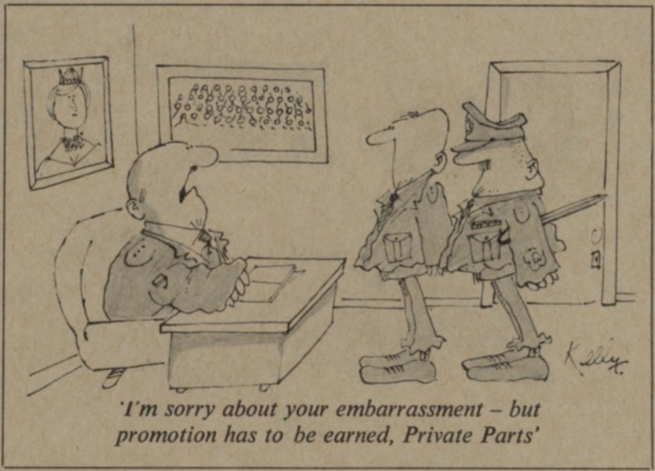
Arthur Pottersman

Eros has to work harder in a cold climate. Not that the spirit is less willing or the flesh more weak. It's just that, as in the case of the Shetland Isles where they cryptically say that in winter there's no fishing, the demands of amorous give and take, on ecstatic muscles and receptive membranes, are more. Still, for Uglik, teenage Eskimo boy escaping from the inexplicable ways of an American Arctic army base, whatever strains may have been ahead were the last thing to worry about. When you're on the run from Yankee helicopters, and as likely to run into polar bear trouble as killer blizzards, any company is better than none. And that's how the most extraordinary threesome in modern marriage came to set up a *ménage à trois*.

They met on a mighty ice-bound plain. The boy on his snowshoes clutching his pack and a purloined American rifle. The man and the woman pulling and pushing a laden sleigh – Joe and Pakti: Eskimo man and wife. Three of the four protagonists of 'Night Of The White Bear' by Alexander Knox (Macmillan, £1·75). Fourth and foremost is the great polar bear itself, mighty marauder of the inhospitable polar region, in whose fierce shadow so much of the action takes place.

Amid the deserts of ice that make up the Eskimoes' homeland, life is simple, primitive – but warm. This is a world where three people meeting in the middle of nowhere will kick off their snow-shoes to do a little dance of friendship. A culture where three in an igloo is company.

When a three-day storm threatens, our intrepid travellers having been lucky enough to kill a seal for food, make themselves an igloo in which to eat, sleep and sex out the time. Cunningly designed to keep out the wind, tough enough to exclude bears. They ate a little soup, then they ate a lot of meat. They gradually shed their clothes as the hut warmed up. They belched contentedly.



'I'm sorry about your embarrassment – but promotion has to be earned, Private Parts'

Young Uglik looked at Pakti. From where he sat she seemed composed of circles – 'round head, round breasts, round belly – all the circles alert, tight and bouncy; and she'd have two other circles for her backside if she weren't sitting down.' As the long polar night wears on, and food and warmth dull their consciousness, and they talk of the day's successful seal hunt in which Uglik played a hunter's part, old Joe, Pakti's husband, pulls the young man's pants off him. 'You are of the Innuit Eskimo,' he says, 'and we are here for some days.' The girl giggled and Uglik turned to her:

'He was too tense to stand on ceremony. His right hand lifted her right knee and she went on her back and his hips were digging between her thighs. He was primed with triumph and friendship and charged so full that Joe wondered if he'd finish before he'd properly begun. But no. Joe smoked his pipe and watched. He'd never seen such a pair of buttocks all stringy with muscles. Pakti's eyes were closed, her mouth open, but there was a startled expression on her face he'd never seen before. Her knees went higher and wider, Uglik's knees separated and he changed his angle as her hips lifted. Now he was straight, fierce and convulsive.

'Joe felt a quickening in his own loins and he put his big thumb on his pipe-bowl to put it out.' Joe goes on watching as Uglik prepares his wife for him, bringing her halfway and arousing Joe's own half jaded lust for his wife in return. Uglik reaches orgasm, leaving Pakti and Joe both ready.

When Uglik has finished, and lies somnolent for a few minutes, Joe lifts him out of the way and lowers his hips toward his wife. He took a generous portion of her neck muscle between his lips and held on, sucking and making gentle biting motions with his teeth. His hips rose and fell slowly, the great power of his legs thrusting upwards. His arms held her in position for his thrusting, not so that she could not move, but so that she *could* move: move, revolve, writhe and rise from her strong waist . . . The slow thrusts continued, Pakti getting more involved in her own sparking and erupting sensations and she was beginning to move her inner lips against him harder and more continuously, timed with his thrusts.

'Uglik rolled over and his eyes opened. He saw, but he was still in his own world breathing deeply, letting the air rush from his lungs in great gasps. He was surprised at how long they were taking. Tentatively he put out his fingers and drew them down her side, pressing her breast a little, and cupping one buttock in his hand.

'She moved more violently, so he did it again and kept on doing it. He was surprised to find himself getting ready again . . . Her waist was beginning a new rhythm. Joe caught it and changed his slow pulse to suit her. She moaned very low for some time then, suddenly, convulsive movements contorted her whole body and the moan was broken into gasps almost like barks . . . Uglik held her right breast. He was still aghast with glory. This was as it ought to be. Fiddlings of childhood and youth were froth on this great wave.'

Sleep, eat, and copulate. So the hours passed. Once, as Pakti sat sewing, Joe watched the heat of their igloo's seal-oil stove cause her lips to part and the pink inner tissues swell slowly, waiting. He kicked

turn to page 16

DuBouillon

Books (*continued from page 14*)

Uglik awake: 'Wake up, she wants you.' And Uglik threw off his rug, scrambled to his knees and over to her, not saying anything because he had nothing to say. He was tired but this seemed to make no difference to the demands or the readiness of his genitals. They were ready whether he was or not. He took her again, Pakti rather glum, and when it was over, 'I'm sore,' she said. But not so sore that she can't take Uglik again, hours later, and though sex for their surfeited bodies becomes painful at times, release for all three is a powerful experience.

The trio's travails continue. They kill a bear. They quarrel. Then the mighty polar marauder, the great white carnivore nearly kills them. Somehow they reach the safety of an Eskimo village, friendship still intact. A winter passes. Uglik, Joe and Pakti are together in a hut again:

First, Uglik enters Pakti, and Joe holds her, lifting and lowering her buttocks in a regular motion until her head goes back with the deep sound of 'Ah.' Then Pakti goes on her hands and knees so that Joe can take her swelling flanks expertly from behind while her open mouth descends slowly upon Uglik. Uglik spreads a tinful of chocolate syrup over Joe's chest, thighs and genitals, while Pakti follows the line of chocolate all over his body, licking it off.

Cold and elemental this world may be, but there's plenty of practice that's worth learning.

FILMS

David Quinlan

'You're a bright man, Richard. But all your brains are below your belt,' says Helene (newcomer Angel Tomkins) in *I Love My Wife* (X). And she's right. Richard (Elliott Gould) is a rich, successful surgeon. But his desires to disprove his own inadequacies as a person finally wreck his life.

True, it isn't entirely Richard's fault. His pretty wife (Brenda Vaccaro) puts on weight after their two children and Richard, beset by in-law problems, lets himself drift into a series of affairs with the nurses at his hospital – including one very kinky bout of sex aboard a moving table in the recovery room.

The girls get peachier, the sex gets farther out. But life gets emptier, and, eventually, even his wife ditches Richard, a man without a central thread in life to cling to.

The film begins brilliantly. The first 10 minutes are very funny. But it doesn't seem to have enough substance to sustain its length, sputtering along for periods, with some good dialogue (scattered amid some bad) moving it in fits and starts. Brenda Vaccaro is excellent as the pudgy wife, but Elliott Gould gives his least effective screen performance to date. Angel Tomkins has a gorgeous body, although her face and acting reminded me of Lady Penelope in Thunderbirds.

One stretch of the dialogue at its best sums up all the frustration of a once-sexy marriage:

He: 'C'mon, Jody – you like it.'

She: 'I don't like it that way.'

He: 'You liked it that way before we were married.'

She: 'No, I didn't. I did it because you liked it.'

He: 'Well I *like* it!'

Who wins? Go and see for yourselves.

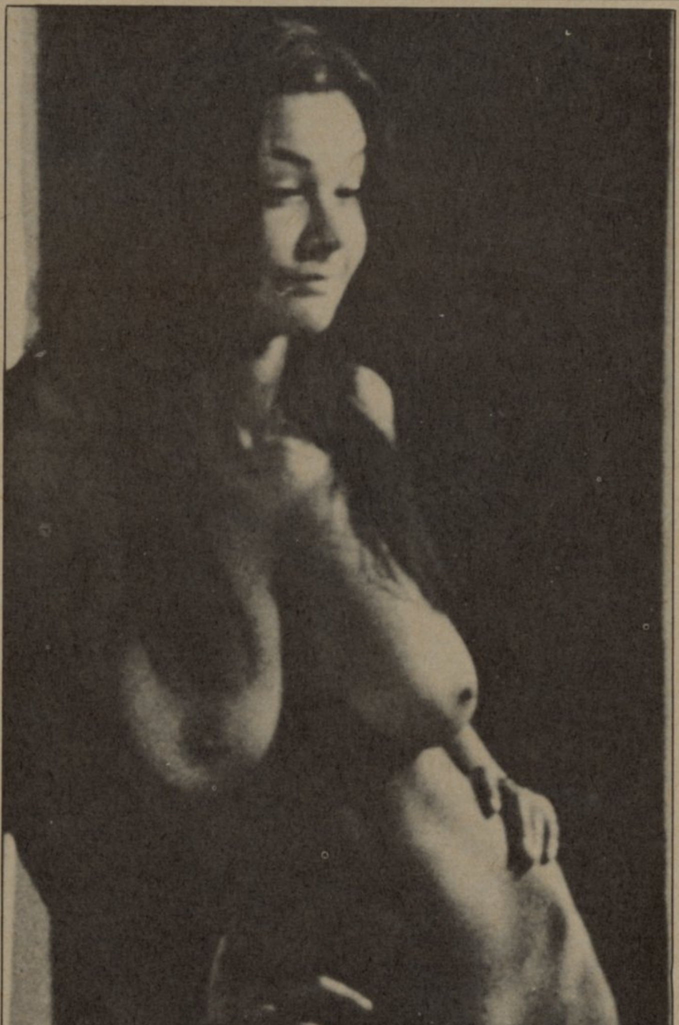
For science-fiction lovers, *The Andromeda Strain* (AA) is fascinating eyewash. A kind of elongated Doomwatch played for the highest stakes. A satellite brings back a minute substance which kills an entire town, with the exception of an old man and a baby. Top scientists battle to isolate and destroy the substance before *it* can destroy *them*, fighting to find the common factor between the two survivors.

Super beginning, breathtaking ending – although in between one begins to feel like the computer that malfunctions because it's overfed with information. The humans are really unimportant under such circumstances. But there are good performances from James Olsen, David Wayne, and Kate Reid as a woman scientist who has to undergo the same purification indignities as the men. Other acting is less good. But the computers and their mechanical relatives are marvels of detail and intricacy.

All the Right Noises (AA) is one of those little gems of the cinema that are all the better for being unexpected. On the face of it, a story about a film technician with a wife and a mistress doesn't look all that promising. But it's so terribly well observed, so deeply thought out by cast (Tom Bell, Judy Carne, Olivia Hussey) and writer-director Gerry O'Hara that it overrides all one's fears. For once, it's all really happening up there on the screen. The three principals give completely unforced performances and Miss Carne has a brief nude scene to keep abreast of former comrade Goldie Hawn.

Another sexy dose of Swedish sun and games in *Path of a Girl* (X), a bleak look at a *ménage à quatre* which goes to pieces during a holiday in the heat of Normandy. It's a Festival entry, but a pretty bleak film for all that. The two boys think they are playing with the emotions of one of the girls, but find to their cost that they are the flies and the girl has trapped them both. Otherwise it doesn't have much to offer apart from its sexual content, which includes the first love scene I've ever seen performed on the roof of a car.

Finally, what are they doing to the classics? *Scrooge* is a musical, *Jane Eyre* and *David Copperfield* are flatly, clumsily remade for cinema/TV dual consumption. And what *is* one to make of the 1971 version of *Wuthering Heights*? Though *Carry on Wuthering* might have been a better title for this ribald and quite extraordinary adaptation of Emily Brontë's novel. Gone is the grandeur of the Olivier film. In its place: a remarkably light treatment by writer Patrick Tilley that makes the drama seem at times quite absurd.



An unexpected bonus for western enthusiasts in 'El Condor', now on general release, was Imogen Hassall's revealing nude scene

TOILETRIES

Conrad Pierce

Faced with the growing proliferation of male toiletries from a wide range of companies, all trying to carve out a corner of the market, choosing your after-shaves and deodorants becomes more and more a case of 'buy it and try it'.

For myself, I have yet to find that elusive all-weather, all-season one-make range that I have been so long pursuing.

However, one range which comes closest to my ideal is Fabergé's Brut.

Begun several years back, the Brut range has emerged as one of the present market leaders and latest additions to the range is their 'snifter' bottle at 45p. A useful size – small enough to slip into your pocket, brief case or desk drawer at work, close to hand and ready to be dabbed on if the boss's secretary pays you a visit.

Portability for the man on the move has become a major motivation with toiletries manufacturers. Fabergé's other addition to the Brut range is a three-container set of shaving cream, spray deodorant and talc, each priced at 45p for two ounces, again, small enough to be easily stowed in the pocket.

'All Bruts,' says the company, 'have a knack for getting around . . . water skiing off Waikiki Beach, golfing at Gleneagles'. Although it's highly unlikely your boss is going to take one sniff at you and send you travelling half way round the world, the spicy smell with the underlying hint of carnation has for some time proved a winner with the ladies.

In fact, many of them were using it on themselves until KiKU came along from the same stable.

Now, for the ladies, Fabergé have come up with a new version of their rather special KiKU perfume, in the form of a perfume spray which is stronger than a cologne and almost as heady as the pure perfume itself. It's a very intense scent and sticks around for a long time – so be careful where you rest your shirt collar when you're away from home. The company advises that your lady love should use the stuff on wrists, neck and between her breasts. Which gives you a clue to its potency.

The half-ounce spray is packed in a slim fluted glass bottle, capped in gold at £1·35.

If she needs cooling off during the hot summer evenings ahead, offer her the new KiKU 'Kooler Kit' – six ounces of splash-on cologne and five ounces of talc. The cologne in its gold printed glass bottle and the talc in its slim yellow shaker, come neatly nestled in a re-usable wet-look yellow and black case. When she's emptied the bottles she can use the case for storing her jewellery, love letters, holiday photographs, etc. A fair priced package at £2·75.

Another example of matching smells for men and women, is Worth's two-ounce 'Monsieur Worth' after-shave at £2·10 and 'Eau De Je Reviens' in a $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounce perfume spray atomiser for the ladies. Both are packed in blue, white and gold matching boxes.

In the lower price ranges I find that Christopher Collins' double range of Cedar Wood and Aqua Manda are both excellent value for money.

The Cedar Wood range includes after-shave at 40p; foam shave at 44p; cologne at 45p; brushless and lather shave at 24p; talc at 30p, deodorant stick at 35p and spray, 40p. The newest and most useful addition to this range is their pre-electric razor rouser. It comes in an attractive fluted bottle with a glide on applicator in the top at 40p.

The Aqua Manda fragrance of oils of mandarin, parsley, coriander and other aromatic herbs was first introduced on the market for women.

But as the women demanded a female fragrance to rival BRUT, so the men asked for a male edition of this scent. It was achieved by omitting some of the floral content. The price range is in line with Cedar Wood and both are generally on sale at Boots and chemists throughout Britain.

New top-value collector's offer:
FIVE MAYFAIR CLASSICS - ONLY £1.25

MAYFAIR
King

Stocks of Mayfair's early classic issues are shrinking fast. So great is the demand that we have had to prepare a new special-value package of five issues for £1·25 – but we must warn that if you do not act quickly, all of these memorable issues will be sold out for ever: these are positively the last few we have.

Here's what you get for only £1·25: Vol. 2 Nos. 3 and 11 and Vol. 3 Nos. 5, 6 and 11.

Cut out the coupon and send it to Miss Pat Asquith, Mayfair, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Other issues available:

At 30p: Vol. 3 Nos. 2 (Hazel goes topless); 6 (Nell in hay, submarines); 7 (Fiona nude, Napoleon's sex life); 8 (Sheila's plastic bed, machine-guns); 10 (Sally, censor on 'Blow-up') **At 38p: Vol. 4 Nos.** 3 (Sophia in chains, duelling); 5 (Jackie naked with snakes, historic orgy); 6 (The Girls of Scotland, last cavalry charge); 7 (The nudest student, double-bed spying); 8 (Amber unlaced, X-films); 11 (Harrison Marks' nudes, Alison); **Vol. 5 Nos.** 2 (A portfolio of erotic clothing, Madeline); 3 (Erotic Edwardienne, girls made captive, Daimlers); 4 (Sexy schoolgirls, nudest Anne Heywood, roadsters); 5 (Nudest baroness, Jane Birkin, torpedoes); 6 (Nude on the beach, Japanese cars, the naked cinema); 7 (Pop star Millie nude, the West's greatest gunfight, the Avenger); 8 (Provocative Penny, Scapa Flow, bedroom manners); 9 (Nude on the Dappled Grey, Farmgirls); 10 (Girls who hitch-hike, Angela's forty inches, Fairey Delta Two); 11 (Force 8 Gail, Panzer tanks, au pair Monique); **Vol. 6 Nos.** 1 (Naked Princess, Mad Squire, 'Pyjama' Star Mia); 2 (Hot blonde Leena, Bugattis, nude airhostess); 3 (Equus eroticus special; British screen sex); 4 (Racing Car Girl, Traction engines, Secrets of Skirts); 5 (Girls of Japan, Naval Disaster, Park girls); 6 (Naked Times girl, bed-sit sex)

Special Issue at 45p: Vol. 3: 11 (First Quest, Nicola nude, explosives, ribaldry)

Special Issues at 50p: Vol. 4: 12 (Caroline Dell, space sex); **Vol. 5:** 12 (Gabrielle, Cognac, nude girls of 1970)

(See page 73 for details of back numbers containing Quest)

Please send me the following back numbers of Mayfair:

....

....

I enclose cheque/postal order for..............................

Name ....

Address ....

.... Date.......................... M67

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, send your order on plain paper

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

In the 1600s King Charles purchased a house in Soho for Nell Gwynne, so the tradition goes, and certain lively scenes ensued: and I am delighted to tell you that 370 years later there is still plenty going on there. In fact, I took a photographer to prove it, and if you look at the picture on this page you will see exactly what I mean.

The scene of all this revelry and frivolity is at 69 Dean Street, where the **Nell Gwynne Striptease Club** and the **Gargoyle Nightclub** are situated.

It is a far cry now from the days when the Honourable David Tennant and Dame Asquith put their names on the original membership rolls of the Gargoyle in the 1930s. In practice, 30 years and £30,000 later we see elaborate changes in the house.

The multi-mirrored walls have been replaced to a large extent by new decoration, although fans of the old Gaga would like to know that there is still a lot of the old club there – the mosaics, the prints on the walls, and that daring old lift that slowly pulls you up to the top floor, to let you walk down into the club; a novel procedure this, but one which adds the allure to a visit to the Gargoyle.

But, before we tell you about the new Gargoyle Nightclub, let us talk about the new Nell Gwynne Strip Club.

Under the enthusiastic direction of Don Ward, an actor/comedian whose tours with the Dallas Boys and the Vernon Girls gave him all the experience he needed in the production techniques of theatre, the new Nell Gwynne has progressed into one of the best striptease clubs in town. Your 30/– buys you a seat in front of a continuously changing panorama of naked ladies. His idea has been to take you on a mythical tour of the world, and young girls enact out their parts in the global picture on the stage in front of you, inevitably ending up without any clothes on at all, and in some uninhibited positions too. The quick trip to Israel was particularly exciting, because the lady soldier on the stage was apparently surrounded by hundreds of tricky enemies, and nobody goes to sleep during her number. In fact, when she finally staggers across the stage nude, except for a lot of tomato ketchup in her final dying agonies, one could be excused for thinking that there had been some disaster in the wings. Yet, the show runs smoothly on, through Turkey with the inevitable belly dance (that is Melina's bottom in the photograph) right up to the full adagio bit in strip, from France of course.

The star of the show is undoubtedly Candice Kelly, who is on the left in our photograph, and whose delightful body is portrayed in the photographer's studio act, and a stirring shipwreck scene where the stage dramatically pitches from side to side and taxes every one of Candice's muscles in her efforts to remain vertical. As strip clubs go, you could fear worse than being cast adrift amongst the Nell Gwynne.

When the Nell Gwynne closes, the Gargoyle continues, of course, right through until 3 a.m. in the morning. The club is open plan now: the electric curtain which used to divide the room from the stage has been removed, the better to see Nicky Stevens who sings ballads and blues like something else, which is incidentally the name of her favourite number in her show. She has a smoky, husky nightclub-singer voice, with an attractive lilt.

Not all Nell Gwynne Stripclub clients of course fit into the price bracket of the Gargoyle, where you would expect to spend say £5 to £7 per head, but the club has an excellent following built up over many many years since King Edward VII himself was rumoured to visit the club. In fact, the membership consists of people who have visited the club year after year, and the members regularly pay their traditional homage to this regal house of entertainment. The pattern of entertainment that was produced in the thirties has continued through the forties, fifties, sixties, and begins a new era in an improved, modernized manner for the seventies.

Stockings and suspenders still evoke sexual nostalgia at the Nell Gwynne Club where Richard Lyon of the Lyon family took this picture

Selected Titles from
The Mayfair Book Society

Erotic Art of the East

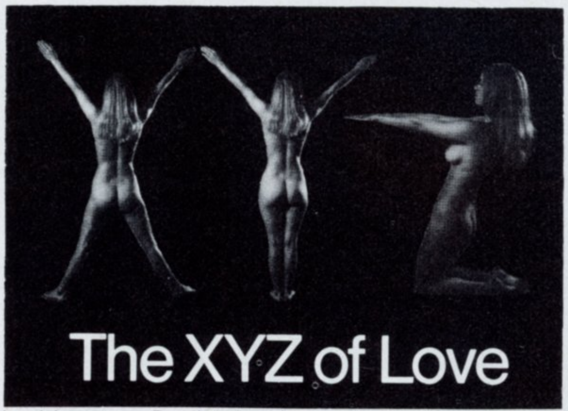
Never before has a book containing such displays of detailed and sexually explicit behaviour been available in this country. This large format book, superbly printed on fine quality paper in a limited edition of only *one hundred* copies can only be purchased in this country through the Mayfair Book Club. The hundreds of graphic black and white and full page colour illustrations of oriental sculpture and paintings are so explicit in their portrayal of all forms of sexual intercourse and manual stimulation that we are not allowed to reproduce an example here. In the text, scholar Phillip Rawson, presents a frank and knowledgeable appraisal of the significance of eroticism in the development of Eastern art, making this a priceless addition to your book collection or a valuable coffee table book. But remember there are only 100 copies available. Order yours now

Price £8·40, postage and packing free.

akt im lichtbild

Daring and uncompromising photographs of some of the most physically superb women in Europe, pictured in unashamed moments of private abandon, unaware of the all-seeing camera. Compiled from the files of some of Germany's top photographers and printed on high quality paper in full page colour and black and white, these unretouched pictures hide nothing of the female form while portraying its true aesthetic beauty

Price £4·20, p/p 15p (post free to subscribers)



In this uncut Danish book, psychologists Inge and Sten Hegeler recount the sexual case histories of men and women who have asked them for enlightenment. The wife who told her husband to buy a riding whip; the girl who wanted her boyfriend to spank her; the man who slept with his sister. The original Danish illustrations are retained

Price £2, p/p 15p (post free to subscribers)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX-
But were afraid to ask

This book with its subtitle 'but were afraid to ask' is the frankest and most informative sex book of our age. Its language is simple and conversational, its message shatteringly clear. We all have limits to our sexual knowledge. This book gives plain answers: What do homosexuals do together? Do aphrodisiacs work? Can a man have a vagina? Is the rear entry position natural? Do many men suffer from premature ejaculation? What can a man do with two girls at the same time? Do nymphomaniacs ever have orgasms? There is no question too intimate for a full and detailed answer

Price £2, p/p 20p (post free to subscribers)

HIS LORDSHIP

Leslie Thomas's novel of a male teacher at a girls' school: 'In a boys' school you'd get six of the best on your backside.' She pushed her breasts at him and said: 'Why don't you try me?'

Price £1·75 plus 15p postage

SEXUAL PLEASURE IN MARRIAGE

Bring a woman to the absolute threshold of pleasure where she can do nothing but moan for fulfilment. Then take her beyond, to the ultimate peaks of ecstasy. This book shows you how. Chapters include 'the soul kiss'; ancient rituals in sex; the way to give a woman multiple orgasm; Greek, Egyptian and Indian sexual subtleties; exploring the frontiers of sensuality; women who initiate sex; how to prolong sexual life; overcoming guilt and fear; erotic stimulants; the refinements of sensation. The appendix contains a complete encyclopedia of sex guidance and information

Price £1·50, p/p 15p (post free to subscribers)

The first book
to really *show* you . . .

Sexual Techniques

This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate positions of lovemaking. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking which the reader can study in depth and emulate in his or her search for fulfilment

By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members who may find this book too frank and we warn purchasers of its very revealing nature

Price £2·25 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

SEX AND THE SINGLE MAN

Every red blooded male's book on how and where to meet and make both the married and single woman. When is adultery allowable? Dr. Ellis advances original thinking on sex with married women and lays down rules for success, showing how to conduct an affair without detection

Price £1·80 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

The London Spy

An expert guide to London's dollies . . which parks and cafes to find them in. Plus sophisticated descriptions of the city's less innocent pleasures . . . the girls behind those 'Kitten For Sale' cards. A group of distinguished writers give the lowdown on fun London

Price £1·50 plus 15p postage
(post free to subscribers)

Clip out this coupon and send it to: **MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY,** 95A Chancery Lane, London, WC2

I wish to become a member of the Mayfair Book Society. I understand this places me under no obligation whatever to purchase any specified number of books – but it will give me the advantage of priority service on the books I want. I am over the age of 18.

Please send me the following books (BLOCK CAPITALS, please):

....

....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for.. I am/am not a subscriber (delete as necessary)

Please send no books now, but place me on your mailing list..............................

Name.. Address..

.... Date ....

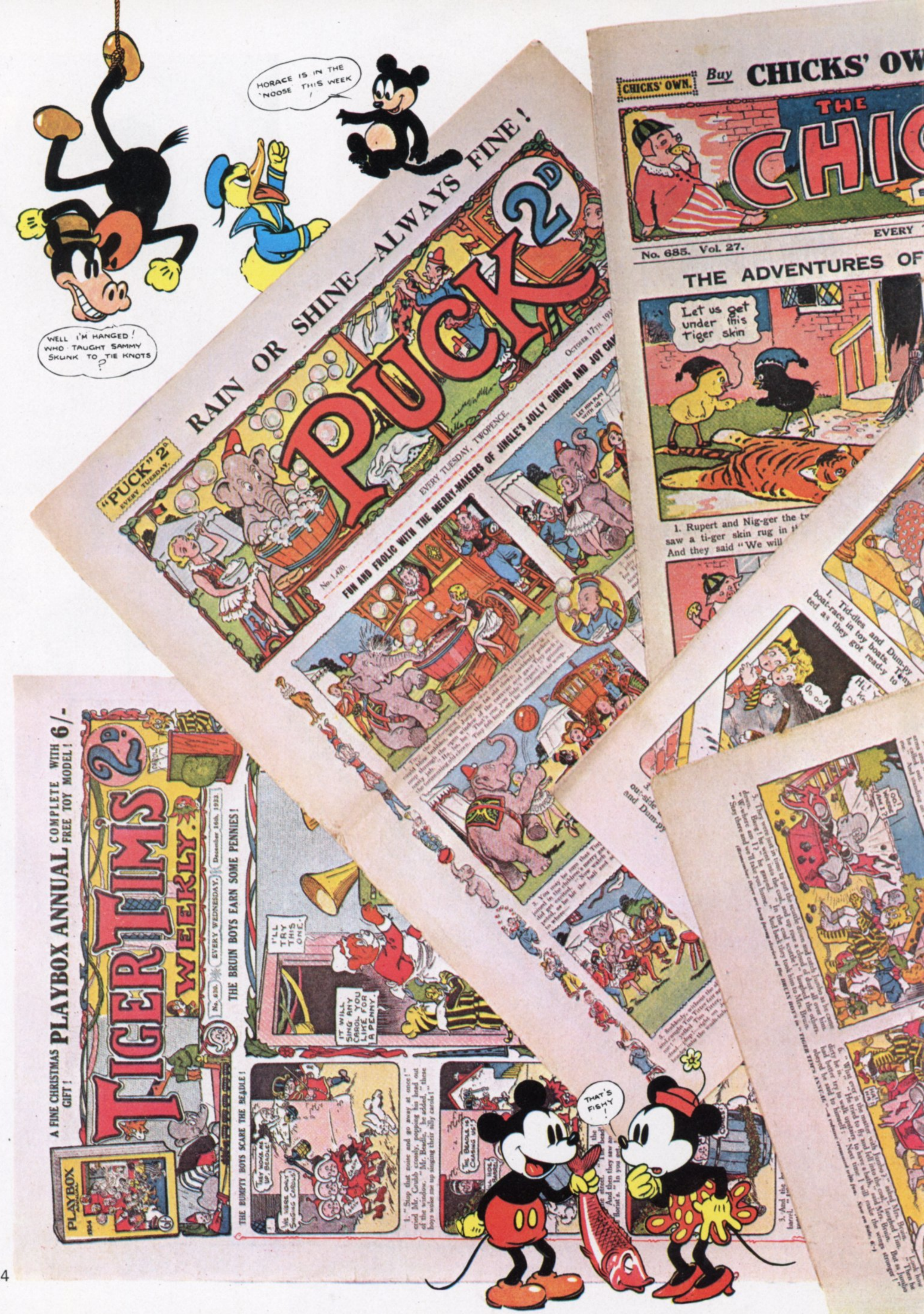
This coupon is for your convenience, but we shall be happy to accept orders on plain paper. Don't forget to write your name and address clearly on every order for books. All orders sent in unmarked brown, staple fastened envelopes

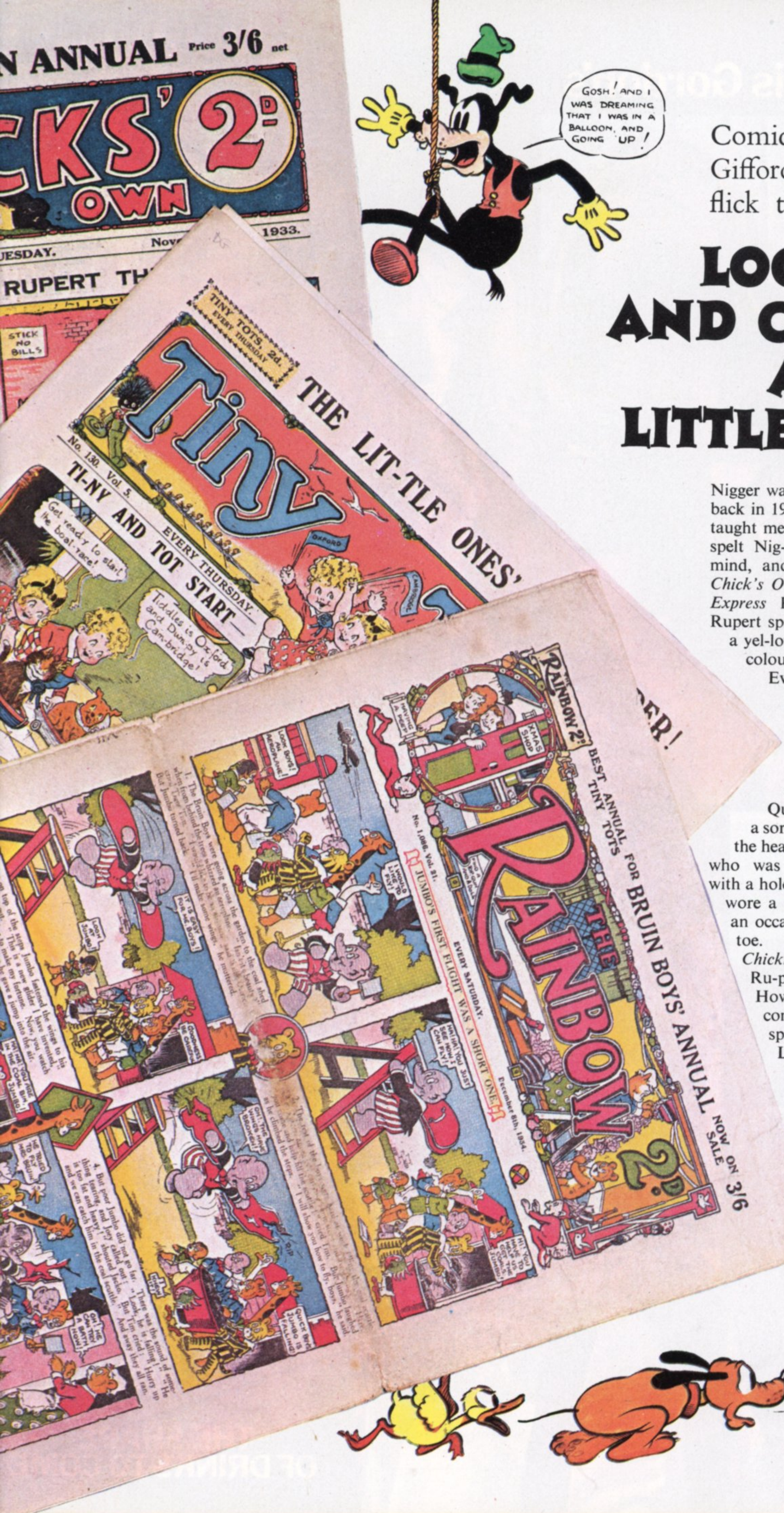
M67

Chris the all-American girl

It's no myth. At 21 Chris Ferguson is the archetypal all-American girl – smooth skinned, bright eyed and sexy. True. The all-American girl is alive, laughing and naked and she has real, from the earth, sex appeal. Witness Chris. She's not sensual, she isn't blatant and she doesn't smoulder. She doesn't rip her fingers into your back or grind her hips when she walks. She doesn't lick her lips at you across a room or promise things with her eyes that she doesn't mean. She has a 37–24–36 body that is beautiful without flaunting.

Sex appeal is in woman's small things. From the way she moves her legs in walking, to the shape of her buttocks, from the rising tilt of her breasts to the way her mouth moves and the shape of her lips. The line from calf to thigh under a clinging gown to the gentle curves of stomach. With Chris it is none of these things. The frankness of her smile and face negates any unconscious movement of her body. Hers is a native image. The even teeth and high breasts, the hard thighed high stepping image of the American high school girl, the drum majorette, the cheer leader. A clean living all-American image that is no myth. Every American mother's son's ideal home loving mate, a one man woman. The sex appeal is there. It is in the smooth skinned body and the wide full smile, the image of the perfect girl who when she makes love throws aside all the veneer of her, who comes to you soft and quiet like the meek furry animal to the hunter.


HORACE IS IN THE 'NOOSE' THIS WEEK!
WELL I'M HANGED! WHO TAUGHT SAMMY SKUNK TO TIE KNOTS?
RAIN OR SHINE—ALWAYS FINE!
PUCK
2D
"PUCK" 2D EVERY TUESDAY.
EVERY TUESDAY. TWOPENCE.
October 17th, 193
No. 1,620.
FUN AND FROLIC WITH THE MERRY-MAKERS OF JINGLE'S JOLLY CIRCUS AND JOY CA
LET HIM PLAY WITH US!
CHICKS' OWN.
Buy CHICKS' OW
THE CHIC
EVERY
No. 685. Vol. 27.
THE ADVENTURES OF
Let us get under this Tiger skin
Oo oo!
A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT! PLAYBOX ANNUAL COMPLETE WITH FREE TOY MODEL! 6/-
TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY
2D
No. 630.
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
December 16th, 1932.
THE BRUIN BOYS EARN SOME PENNIES!
THE BUMPTY BOYS SCARE THE BEADLE!
PLAYBOX ANNUAL 1934
I'LL TRY THIS ONE.
IT WILL SING ANY CAROL YOU LIKE FOR A PENNY.
THAT'S FISHY!


N ANNUAL Price 3/6 net
CKS' 2D OWN
1933.
UESDAY.
RUPERT TH
STICK NO BILLS
TINY TOTS, 2d. EVERY THURSDAY
Tiny
THE LIT-TLE ONES'
No. 130. Vol. 5. EVERY THURSDAY.
TI-NY AND TOT START
Get ready to start the boat-race!
Tiddles is Oxford and Dum-py is Cam-bridge!
OXFORD
ER!
RAINBOW 2D.
XMAS SHOP
THE RAINBOW
BEST ANNUAL FOR TINY TOTS
BRUIN BOYS' ANNUAL NOW ON SALE 3/6
No. 1,066. Vol. 21. EVERY SATURDAY. December 8th, 1934.
JUMBO'S FIRST FLIGHT WAS A SHORT ONE!
2D.
GOSH! AND I WAS DREAMING THAT I WAS IN A BALLOON, AND GOING UP!

Comics connoisseur Denis Gifford takes a nostalgic flick through old funnies

LOOK BACK AND CHUCKLE AT YOUR LITTLE CHUMS

Nigger was always welcome at our house, back in 1932. He came every Tuesday and taught me to read. His name was actually spelt Nig-ger, with struggling readers in mind, and he shared the front page of *Chick's Own* with Rupert. No, not *Daily Express* Rupert, the Little Bear. This Rupert spelled his name Ru-pert and was a yel-low chick-en. You can guess what colour Nig-ger was.

Every week these chum-my chicks played their pranks on greedy Per-cy Pig, aided by their curious classmate, Stri-pey Ti-ger. Their doings took place under the eggy aegis of an outsize duck called Mrs Quack-Quack. School uniform was a sort of tasseled sock worn square on the head, and a belt; except for Stri-pey who was allowed knee-length knickers with a hole for his tail. Mrs Quack-Quack, wore a decent crinoline which afforded an occasional peep of a dainty webbed toe.

Chicks' Own was in fact edited by Ru-pert ('Hal-lo! Hal-lo! Hal-lo! How are you, my dears? Spring is com-ing – Tra-la-la-la! Love-ly spring! Whoops!') from his Own Little Corner at Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, and his remarkable rac-i-al tol-er-ance was revealed again in his choice of strip for page nine:

turn to page 27

KNOT ME, HORACE! HA! HA!
Y HELP!

LOOK BACK AND CHUCKLE AT YOUR LITTLE CHUMS

continued from page 25

Tales of Ned-dy and Nel-lie Nig-ger. This pair of piccaninnies shared their shanty with Mum-mie and a pet all-i-ga-tor, or it might have been a croc-o-dile.

This marvellously innocent acceptance of black among white is characteristic of the Golden Age of British comics, which came to a sudden end with paper rationing in 1940. *Tiny Tots*, the other hyphenated happening of my infancy – which, one feels, ought really to have been called *Ti-ny Tots* – went one better than its stable (farmyard?) companion. Seven better, really, because their picture set was called *Ten Lit-tle Nig-ger Boys*. Each week a different one of the ten starred, and the single copy I still have begins thus (or 'thusly', as the editor of *Chips* would have said):

> Lit-tle Ti-tus Choo-dle Chump,
> Is Nig-ger Numb-er Three.
> With Di-nah he has lots of fun,
> And makes her laugh with glee!

Indeed, he did.

The Com-i-cal Kit-tens on page ten continued the breaking of barriers: Tin-ker the black cat was every bit as com-i-cal as his chums Tib-by and Tab-by, and even Mon-ty Mouse of *Toy Shop Tales* showed no prejudice in his choice of toys to take for a trip in his aeroplane (sorry, aer-o-plane). Gol-ly shared the cockpit alongside Jack Rab-bit, Pop the Pen-guin, and Bark-er the Wool-ly Dog-gie. *Toy Shop Tales* is the only story in words I remember from my comic-bound past. Actually, I was a strip-fancier from the start, a sort of founder-member of the McLuhan generation. Every Thursday I held my breath, wondering if Monty Mouse would make it back down his hole in time before Mr Per-kins unlocked the door of his toy shop.

Tiny Tots was identical to *Chicks' Own*, in size, shape, colour, and point of view, except that the human element tended to outweigh the animal. The comic's page one stars, called, of course, *Tiny and Tot*, were yellow-curled twins, forever trying to bath Dum-py the dog, or smuggle Tid-dles the cat to the seaside. Tiny and Tot had their Mrs Quack-Quack in the shape of Nur-sie, a blue-stockinged, aproned little miss whose charms I can only now fully appreciate. However, a shocking thought strikes me as I look through my tattered souvenirs: where were Mum-my and Dad-dy? Could Tiny and Tot have been or-phans, or, worse, neg-lec-ted? *Gulp!*

Tiny Tots was not edited by a chicken. On page two every week there was a postcard signed 'Your lov-ing Uncle Jack,' stamped with 28 crosses and the legend 'These Kisses Are All For You'. Uncle Jack called me his 'Dear Lit-tle Friend'. He wrote curious remarks like 'I wish I could run and jump and skip a-bout like you. It must be love-ly!' and, 'If I were to come and play with you in the gar-den . . .' Truly a world of lost innocence.

And so, having learned to read, we went to school and found that hyphenated funnies were for babies. We were real Mixed Infants now. Time to go on to the hard stuff. Enter Tiger Tim. And not only Tiger Tim, but Jacko the Monkey, Bobby the Bear, Fido the Pup, Jumbo the Elephant, Joey the Parrot, Georgie the Giraffe, and an Ostrich whose name escapes me. This incredible gang was a unit: sitting, standing, walking, running, swimming in the summer and snowballing in the winter, all as one. Looking back now, I suppose they were created with a visual balance in mind: tiger, monkey, bear and elephant as main-line middle-men, with giraffe and ostrich seldom more than necks in the background, and holes among the assorted legs filled in by pup and parrot. Known collectively as the Bruin Boys, they operated out of a boarding school run by a Mrs Bruin, who wore a doily on her head and was given to holding up her hands and exclaiming, 'What is the meaning of this!' The meaning of it was, of course, to form a link with the baby comics we had left behind us, as a step in our progress towards *Puck*, *Crackers*, *Sparkler*, and ultimately *Champion* and *Triumph*, and thus keep the devisers of this celestial plan, the Amalgamated Press, more than solvent.

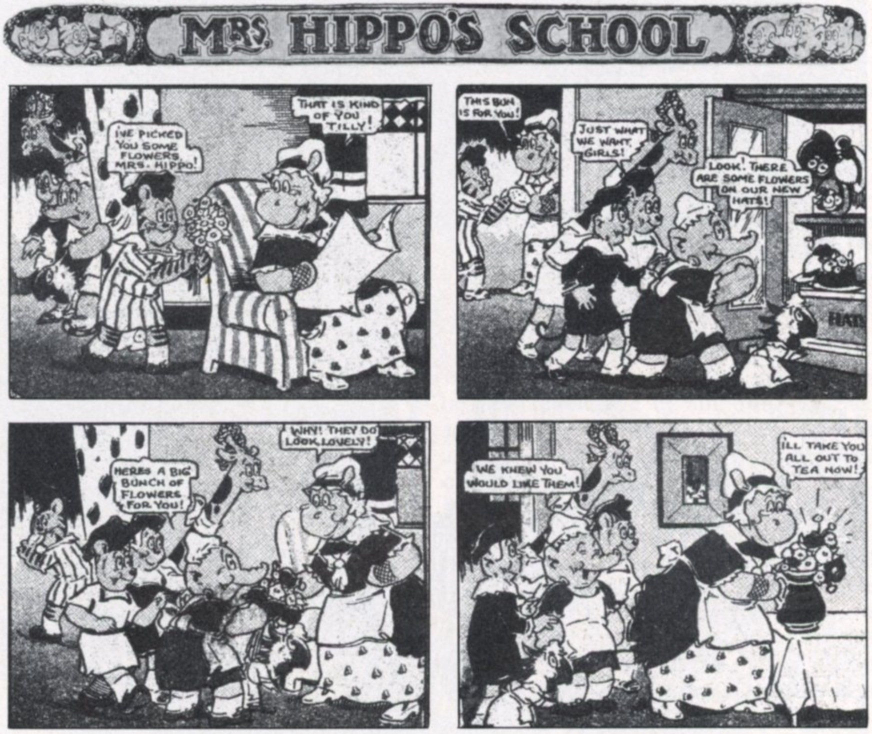
Meanwhile, back at the boarding school, there was trouble bruin'. Tiger Tim, it seemed, not only had his own comic, *Tiger Tim's Weekly*, but a sort of doppelganger, *Rainbow*. Here there was a sister called Tiger Tilly, who was in fact but one of the Hippo girls. I should explain that for every Bruin Boy in *Tiger Tim's* there was a Hippo girl in *Rainbow*, just as for Mrs Bruin there was a Mrs Hippo. Jumbo's sister was called Baby, and the parrot's twin was, naturally, Polly. Then there was Betty Bear, Gertie Giraffe, and greedy Porkyboy, who was something of an outcast around the Bruin establishment; he had a twin, equally spurned, called Pearl Porky. The name of the female ostrich in this instance also escapes me.

Playbox, also edited by Mrs Hippo (I note she signed herself 'Your sincere friend'), was clearly a comic for girls. Even when the Hippo brood removed to the red and pink of the back page, making way for *Sonny Bear*, we six-year-old lads wouldn't be seen at playtime with *Playbox*.

Sonny Bear, who wore the regulation Eton jacket and bow-tie, was different – and not just because he didn't wear trousers. He lived on his own. No, not quite. He lived with a monkey. That doesn't sound right. When I add that the monkey was naked save for a green schoolcap, it sounds worse. I'm trying to imply that Sonny was self-sufficient. He had no Nur-sie, no Mrs Bruin, or even a female hippopotamus. He had his own house. And he went to school at Teacher Tippit's. So he registers in the memory with more affection and impact than those other youthful groups modelled on the unit principle, like the *Wee Woolly Boys*, and the *Brownie Boys*, and the *Chummy Boys*, and especially the *Bunty Boys*.

Mrs Bunty's mob had the front page of *Bubbles*, which was in colour. And just as well. For besides Jackie the British Boy Scout, there was Redwing the Indian, Hans the Dutchie, Ching the Chink, Snowball the Eskimo, and Pompey the Nigger. But this weekly paradigm of unified Empire had one thing the animal equivalents hadn't: a girl. Mabs of the long blonde hair, red bow, blue-striped mini, and neat high heels, was Mrs Bunty's niece. She lent a hand with the by no means trouble-free cooking and was quick to fling flour at the fellows when they

turn to page 75


MRS. HIPPO'S SCHOOL
I'VE PICKED YOU SOME FLOWERS, MRS. HIPPO!
THAT IS KIND OF YOU TILLY!
THIS BUN IS FOR YOU!
JUST WHAT WE WANT, GIRLS!
LOOK! THERE ARE SOME FLOWERS ON OUR NEW HATS!
HATS
HERES A BIG BUNCH OF FLOWERS FOR YOU!
WHY! THEY DO LOOK LOVELY!
WE KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE THEM!
I'LL TAKE YOU ALL OUT TO TEA NOW!

Surprise, surprise for homely Mrs Hippo in the May 14, 1938, number of The Playbox

LOOK BACK AND CHUCKLE AT YOUR LITTLE CHUMS

continued from page 27

gathered round to stick their fingers in her cream bun.

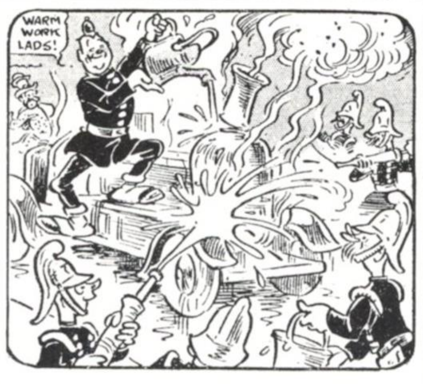
Girls, of course, were as much a part of the comic scene as they were of life; which, at six or so, is more than small. Hence their relegation to a four-picture strip tucked away in some minor corner of the Twelve Large Pages for Twopence. I must confess, though, I still have a soft spot for *Susie Sunshine and her Pet Poms*, softer now that I see her again. For some reason, in 1934 her long black curls and dainty winkle-pickers had somewhat less, or maybe a different, appeal.

Girls did, however, go along with boys on Grand Adventures. Whither flew *Brave Joe* in his uncle's winged submarine, thither flew Effie, a staunch chum who seldom showed more surprise than a limply raised hand and a balloon labelled, 'Oh!' – even when confronted by 'a richly dressed man whose swarthy skin gleamed in the yellow torchlight.' This last declared: 'I am Lubu! King of the Lost Island!' In fact, Effie displayed all her emotions by raising one hand or the other, according to the way she was facing. This, I fear, had less to do with British pluck than with artistic ineptitude.

Moving right along as destiny and the A.P. decreed, I swiftly graduated to *Puck*, and just as swiftly gave it up. The colourful cover had *Jingle's Jolly Circus*, an international organisation like the Bunty Boys, with pimples. This gang, which included Nip Nimble the acrobat, Merry Max the cowboy, and of course somebody called Sambo ('Ha, ha, dat prize basket ob fruit am as good as won!'), were at perpetual war with a Laurel and Hardy lift named Tim Titter and Joey, a couple of clowns. The lads had a pretty little girl chum, Trixie, who seemed to prefer the company of Tiny the Elephant, and blew many a bubble with him. *Puck* went in for picture stories about pirates (*Orphans of the Sea* had handsome young Hal embraced by dashing Captain Gay!) and explorers (*Rob the Rover*, escaping Fuzzie Wuzzies aboard a camel, or losing his aeroplane to the international jewel thieves, Niger Dass and Kermitz). But these dramatics were not for me. I was at a watershed.

Till now, comics had been arriving at home every week in the coat pocket of Auntie Florrie, a couple of tuppenies rolled together – perhaps *Puck* curled around *Bo-Peep*, if you'll pardon the expression. But today Auntie Florrie's capacious coat was empty. My shock was shortened by the presentation of two pennies and permission to pop off to the paper shop on the corner of Sumner Road and buy my own.

This unexpected gesture towards maturity more than camouflaged Auntie's economics, and off I popped. Tuppenny Coloureds filled the racks inside the door, but a boy stood at the counter thumbing through a foot-high pile of papers pink, blue, yellow, green . . . I craned across. Comics! *Penny* comics! And I had twopence. Suddenly twelve pages, even with a cover in four colours, seemed a poor bargain when I could get two whole comics of eight pages each, sixteen pages, for the same two pennies.


WARM WORK LADS!

Jester's *Constable Cuddlecook in 1933*

I selected two different comics, two different colours, from the stack and bore them back to Gran's in triumph, settling in her big old bumpy chair with a slice of bread too large for the cheese on top (or was the cheese too small for the slice of bread beneath?) and what she called a po-cup of tea, and my pink *Chips* and my blue *Jester*. Within seconds *Rainbow* faded, *Bubbles* burst, *Chicks' Own* addled, and as for *Puck*, . . . *!* I had sampled the Comical Capers of Constable Cuddlecook, and I was hooked. No more zoos in Eton suits, no more boring old picture serials, and no more Kisses All for Me from Uncle Jack. Maturity, here I come.

Uncle Jack, Mrs Hippo, Ru-pert *et al*, shared, it seems, office space at the cosmopolitan Fleetway House with my new editor, Corny Chips. This cigar-sporting cove in pince-nez and black homburg, called Cornelius, addressed me as his Dear Chum, and concluded his Chipites' Chat with the superb sign-off, 'Yours till worms wear spats!' Mr Chips was assisted in his weekly round and comic task by an office boy, or rather Offis Boy, Philpot Bottles. Bottles called his employer the Old Man, was self-elected Captin of the Tiddleywinks Team at Biffins Court, and dined on Hot Raspberries at Mrs Slapcabbidge's. Together this unlikely team turned out the weekly Wednesday whacking of Laughs and Thrills to Cure All Ills: *Chips*, or to give its full title, *Illustrated Chips.* And despite Fleetway's Law – all penny comics must have four pages of text in tiny type – that word *Illustrated* was the key to my pink-papered paradise.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim, whose Merry Adventures were subtitled The World Famous Tramps, shot off the Joy Wheel behind the *Chips* heading and on to their nine or twelve panelled performance on page one, where they reigned supreme from 1896 to 1953, a record run. Every week the pay-off panel saw them riding the high tide of prosperity: surprise guests at Nathaniel Noorich's party; winning the Derby Beef-steaks aboard a hackney nag; munching bunches of boneless grapes held aloft by nicey nurses; tucking in to the table d'hote at the Hotel de Hash; gnashing a pile of Popp's Pet Pork Pies at the Loungers' League; dining with the Duke of Murky Manor; and at Christmas – sorry, Xmas – as a special treat, sitting down with Corny Chips himself at a board groaning with turkeys and plum duff! Yet despite this regular necessity of the happy ending, by next Wednesday, sure enough, there were Willie and Tim back on the scrounge. Between opening scene and parting shot, what a riot of slapabout, dasharound, tripitup knockstick! Mrs Bruin would have been hard put to discover What was the Meaning of All This! Not so yours truly; *Chips* was not so much a comic, more a way of life . . .

13 *March* 1935

When I grow up I will be a comic strip artist, pianist, artist, and a comic maker. The comic strip I will make is Jimeelema the horse. The comic I will make is the Funny Wunny comic. I am going to spend my money on paints, crayons, books, pencils, scrap-paper, and drawing books. I will play the piano at concerts, and do the same thing in dance bands. I will do that in the evening. In the morning I will make the comics, comic strips, and paint or crayon drawings.

I got a 'G' and a tick for that. I still reckon I should have got a 'VG'; the way Miss Thing has crossed through the first 'I will' and blue-pencilled in 'I hope to' still rankles. I was seven years old and I knew where I was going – to Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, to work among the chickens and the hippos! Actually, I had already drawn a comic by 1935. Its title hadn't quite the catchy quality of the *Funny Wunny*. It was called *The Cinema Organ Herald*. I could explain, but I'd rather not.

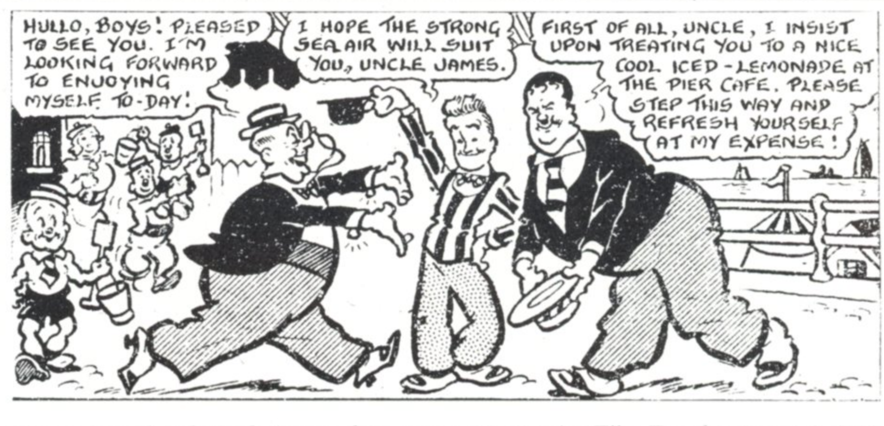
Meanwhile, back among the funny papers laughter took off Every Friday in *The Joker* with *Alfie the Air Tramp and Spadger the Spare Part* (a dog with a fan on his tail who acted as a rudder), and Every Saturday in *The Jester* with the *Comical Capers of Constable Cuddlecook*. This plump PC, helmet perched on his pate like a pimple, worked at a two-man police station, or Cop Shop as I soon learned to call them. His other half, superior in rank alone, was Inspector Flipflap, and what these two went through in pursuance of their duty and bad lads would have flattened the fizz of today's fuzz.

Inside *Jester*, right across pages four and five, was a centre spread of six or more strips, or 'sets' as they were called in the trade. These great openings were a riot of splashes, kicks, thumps, thuds, clanks, biffs, and booms, each with their appropriate cry of *Yow! Oops! Eek! Gur! Wow! Eesh!* and, on occasion, *Phaff!* Characters ranged through soldiers (Plum and Duff, the Boys of the Bold Brigade), sailors (Pitch and Toss, Our Saucy Salts), policemen (Spot and Speedy the River Cops), victims of shipwreck (Clarence Castaway and Tatters his Torn Page), and history (Lizzie and her Comical Courtiers). This latter Lizzie was dropped when George the Good was crowned, lest *lese majeste* should

turn to page 78

LOOK BACK AND CHUCKLE AT YOUR LITTLE CHUMS

continued from page 78


HULLO, BOYS! PLEASED TO SEE YOU. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO ENJOYING MYSELF TO-DAY!
I HOPE THE STRONG SEA AIR WILL SUIT YOU, UNCLE JAMES.
FIRST OF ALL, UNCLE, I INSIST UPON TREATING YOU TO A NICE COOL ICED-LEMONADE AT THE PIER CAFE. PLEASE STEP THIS WAY AND REFRESH YOURSELF AT MY EXPENSE!

Messrs Laurel and Hardy 'out to drive your cares away' in Film Fun *for August 1, 1942*

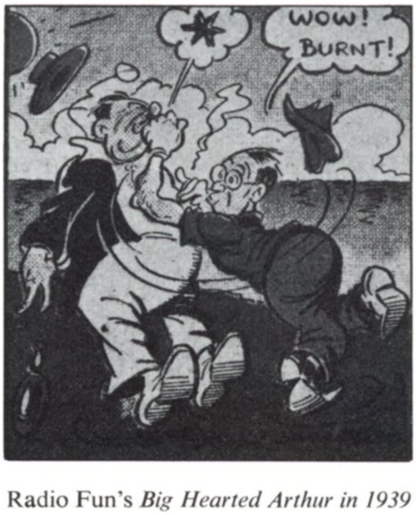
be suspected by those regal readers of *The Rainbow*.

This political jiggery-pokery failed to filter through to Saint Bart's, Sydenham, where one disgusted *Jester* fan switched allegiance to *Mickey Mouse Weekly*, a costly decision all round, for this newcomer cost twopence. *Mickey Mouse* was the first Number One of anything I ever bought, a thrill so vivid I can remember February 8, 1936, like it was September 3, 1939. Twelve pages, with a colour cover in full photogravure, painted, not dotted in mechanically like those A.P. tuppennies. And the colour went right through, across the centre spread, to the back; all the colours, not just the reds. I read that Number One so many times that even when I came back from evacuation to find my mother had sent all my comics to the paper salvage (I was not to see it again until I bought a tattered copy for five bob last year) I knew every picture and every word. Right down to Clarabelle Cow's *mortgage* difficulties with Mr Squinch – the first, but not the last, time I would encounter that strange word. The early issues of *Mickey Mouse Weekly* were full of strange words. Later, retouchers would alter Goofy's Gawrsh to Gosh, and Donald Duck's Bucks to Pounds, but meanwhile the comic's uneasy mixture of American reprints and British tradition was a new taste-thrill, as they say.

American comics had become a growing influence on me. In the thirties, at first, there were only the Sunday supplements. These mysterious comics, with full colour on every page, couldn't be bought at the corner shops. Men sold them at street corners. One could get three or four full-size ones for a penny, rolled up, or two tabloids stapled together inside a yellow paper cover for tuppence. Woolworths sold these, too, and called them *International Comics*. There was always the same drawing on the front, but I soon learned that inside there were treasures untold: *Buck Rogers* zooming into space by flying-belt, with only Buddy and Allura and Dr Huer to help him in his war against the Tigermen of Mars. Tigermen snarled and growled, and Dr Huer said 'Heh!' At the bottom of Buck's page was a cut-out television screen, and other pages had little dollar bills to cut out called Lucky Bucks. Which is one possible reason why those pre-war American funnies are so scarce on the ground today.

It's interesting in recollection, though, to realise that the great objection to the old American comics was not their violence in action, but in language. American slang was the great British bugaboo. 'Coo!' and 'corks!' were in, but 'Oh yeah!' was out.

About this time I was speaking a few new funny words of my own, or rather of Sir Baden-Powell's. I had been sworn in as a Cub at the 13th Sydenham Wolf Pack, and this meant a weekly howl of 'Dib! Dib! Dib!' It also meant a weekly call at a small house in Willow Walk to wait for Akela. This was less to escort our stout leader to the scout hut than to get a look behind his sofa. Here the wise fellow stored a pile of comics, strange comics, comics he seemed to have published himself, for these comics were like no others I had ever seen sold over the counter. These were half-size, printed in black on white paper, and were marked 2d. Instead of jolly coppers, fat tramps, and crazed inventors, they featured people. Just people. It was a mystery, made deeper by the fact that pack after pack of cubs had pawed away all trace of covers. It was twenty years or more before these quaint comics finally clicked into place; the characters, who had names like Chester Conklin and Charlie Murray, truly were people – film stars of the silent era, ten years dead when Tenderfoot Gifford first clapped eyes on them. The name of the comic was, of course, *Film Fun*, which, as I later realised, had a curious tradition of unchange: Joe E. Brown still capered away on his picture page a decade after he had made his last film, and only genuine death deprived sentimental picturegoers of the weekly affairs of Old Mother Riley and Frank Randle. With awe the thought now strikes me: what will my little daughter think when, in years to come, she encounters my bound volumes of *Radio Fun*? Will she, in her turn, be as mystified by Tommy Handley and Funf, or Cheerful Charlie Chester and Whippit Kwik the Cat Burglar, as I was by The Screamingly Funny Adventures of Earle Montgomery and Joseph Rock, the chap of Vitagraph Fame?



Radio Fun's *Big Hearted Arthur in 1939*

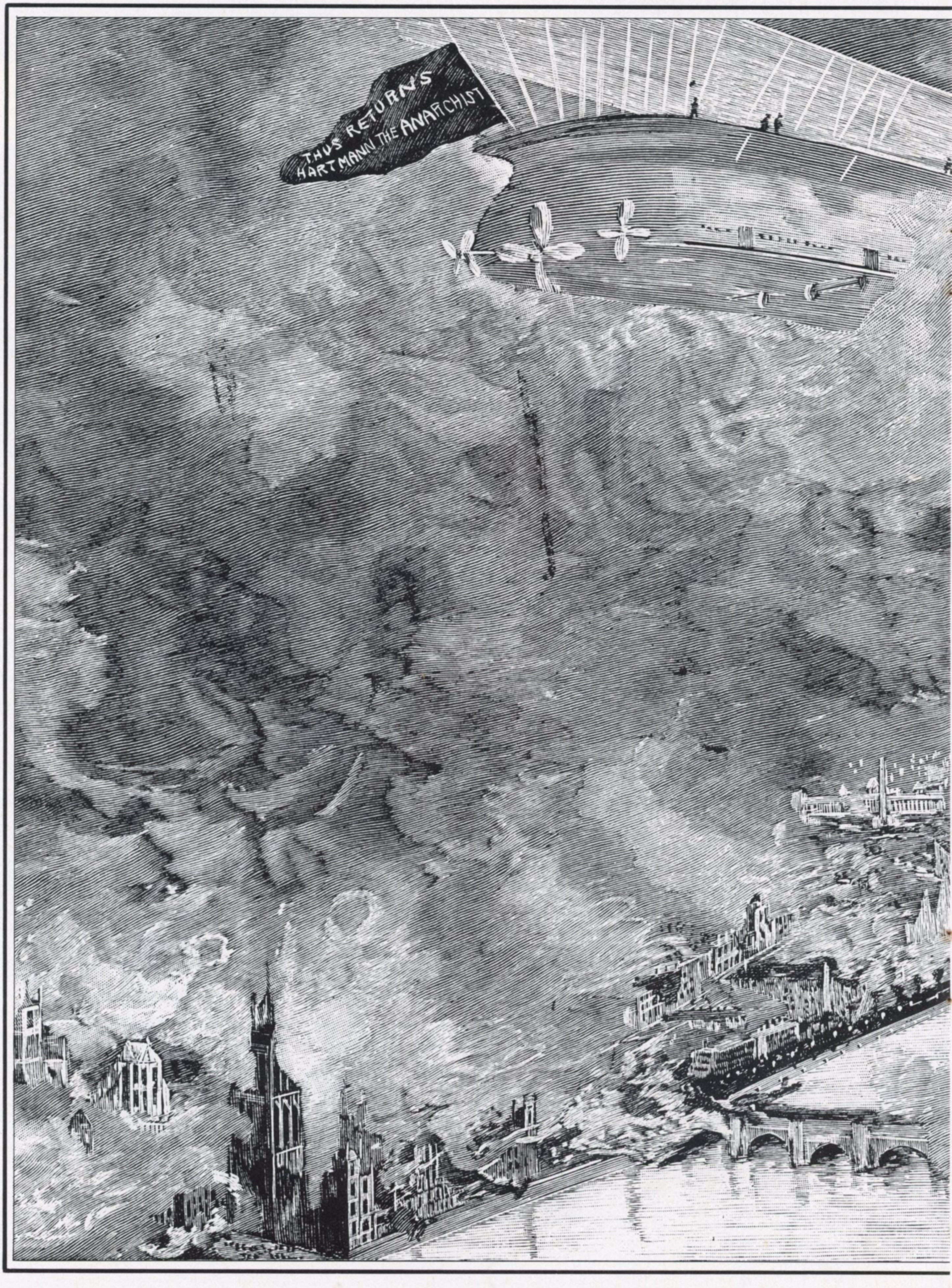
Film Fun, no: *Radio Fun* – ah, yes (as Derek Roy the Melody Boy was wont to exclaim)! Now this was really something I could latch on to. I was a radio child, nurtured by Larry the Lamb, weaned on Eight Bells, and fed on Band Wagon. When the first number of *Radio Fun* hit Salmon's of Kirkdale, I was there with my pennies in my palm. But what a shock. There on the cover, in full colour, was not Big-Hearted Arthur, or Flanagan and Allen, or Ethel Revnell and Gracie West, as suggested by the ad in the *Radio Times*. They were all inside all right, but the coloured cover, that prime page, was filled with pictures of a horse. I didn't really take to *Radio Fun* until George the Jolly Gee Gee was relegated to the inferior interior and my own lovely Arthur Askey filled the front.

The success of the new breed of tuppenny comics sounded a death knell for the pink penn'orths. 1939 was a black year for comedy all round, but especially for us kids. Fed up and far from home, evacuated to Sevenoaks and Tonbridge, billeted and blacked out. Penny comics fought a last ditch fight. They went up to three-ha'pence, then tuppence. They tried to compensate by putting colour on their covers, but it swamped their flavour. They shrank, they combined, they vanished.

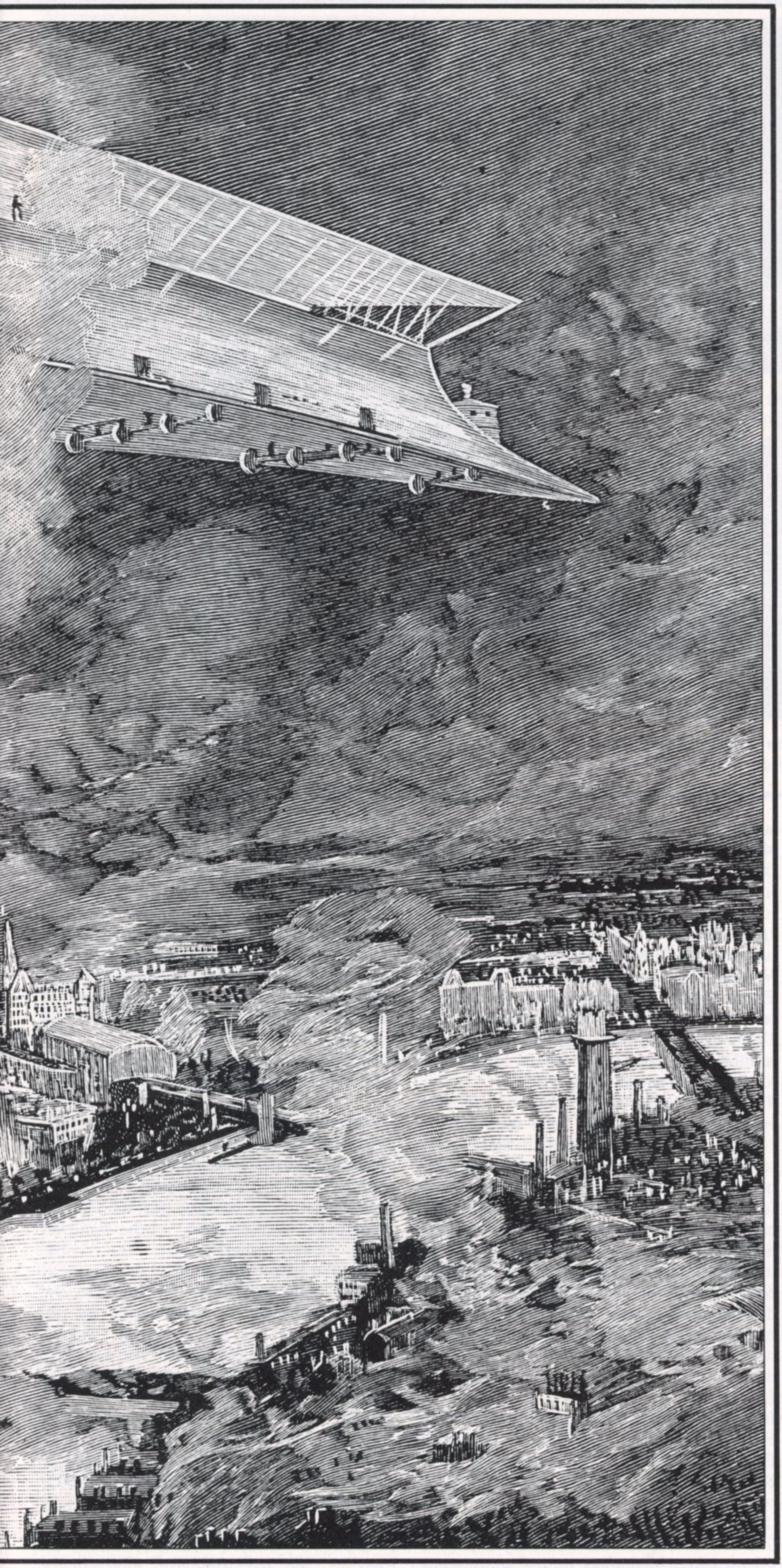
Years later when I got into the business myself, I learned that the old editors and artists had called them the Black Comics. To me today one of those faded old *Jesters* with the World Wide Wanderings of Basil and Bert on the front, is more precious than any Penny Black.

But what of Rockfist Rogan, RAF? Where is Wilson? Who was Smuggy's brother? Was Sexton Blake really that way about Tinker? And is it true what they're saying about Billy Bunter and Coker the cad? Order next month's fun-packed, thrill-filled *Mayfair* today, chums, to be sure not to miss Episode Two of this beezer series!

The illustrations to this article are reproduced from comics in the Denis Gifford Collection and are copyright of the publishers © 1971, IPC Ltd, to whom we extend our grateful acknowledgements.


THUS RETURNS HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST

PICTURES FROM MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY



When it came to protest you had to hand it to Hartmann the Anarchist

Novelists were fascinated by men with bombs in the 1890's. Now Ian Penn looks at facts behind fantasies

Whole areas of London devastated. The Houses of Parliament little more than a heap of rubble. The Tower of London in shambling ruins and the Bank of England blown sky high. Thousands of people killed and wounded. Those who remain, wandering through the streets half-crazed, frantic or dazed beyond comprehension, wondering what awful calamity has befallen the great city.

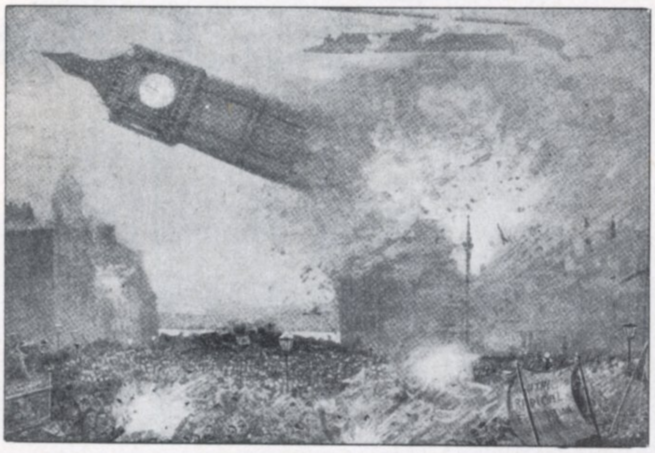
This appalling vision, more an approximation of nuclear war perhaps than anything else, was conjured up in an adventure story published in serial form in 1893 in a periodical called *The English Illustrated Magazine*.

An early example of science fiction, the story featured an astounding flying machine, in appearance something between a gigantic flat iron and a Zeppelin. This airship was capable of destroying whole cities with its incredible weaponry. Nothing unusual about that, you may say – for science fiction, anyway. True.

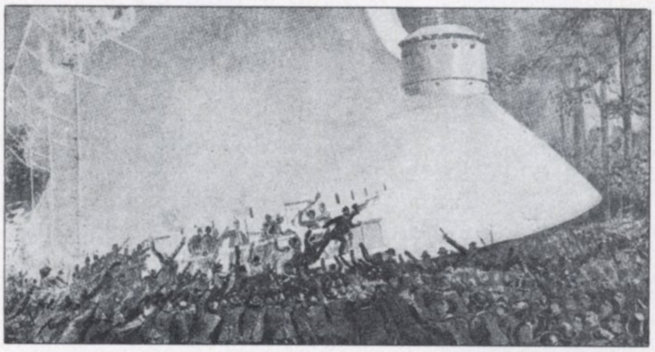
Only in this case the instrument of devastation, rather than being in the hands of a representative of authority – albeit a foreign government – was in the hands of an enemy of all authority, a declared opponent of all forms of government. Hartmann the Anarchist had returned.

This, the closing years of the last century, was the period when anarchism, that creed which holds that no man is fit to rule another, was a spectre haunting not just Europe but the whole of the civilised world. Ordinary people, as well as plump bourgeois and heads of state, had fallen victims of anarchist bombs.

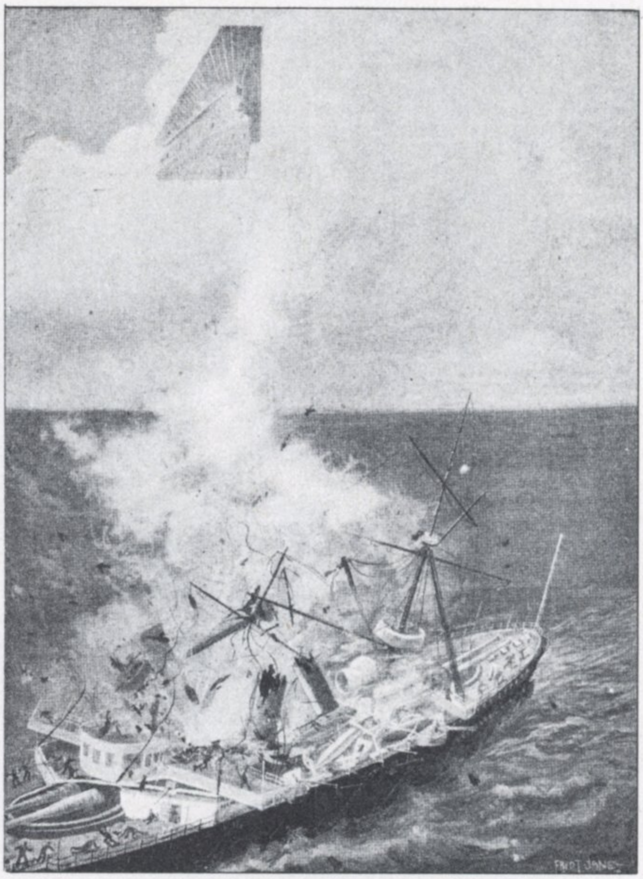
'Let us arise, let us arise against the oppressors of humanity,' declared one typical anarchist manifesto. 'All kings,



Fictional anarchy: showing Big Ben crashing down, the story of Hartmann fantasised anarchist activity to the wildest extreme



'Thousands streamed into Hyde Park and converged in masses on the fallen monster, seized with the desire to vent their rage'



'The great battleship was wholly at the mercy of the "Attila." Many of the crew were either blown to pieces or boiled alive'

emperors, presidents of republics, priests of all religions are the true enemies of the people. Let us destroy along with them all juridical, political, civil and religious institutions.'

It was desperation, combined with the deep and widespread sense of uneasiness and of revolt against industrial society, that resulted in the technique of 'propaganda by deed,' as the anarchists themselves called it. Sometimes the acts of terrorism were consciously inspired political gestures; on other occasions they were the confused work of what today would be called psychopaths; and sometimes they were the work of *agents provocateurs*. More often than not, though, it was difficult to draw the line between one category and another. What was certain was that more or less the whole exploited underbelly of the western world was seething with a furious bitterness.

For example, on a May night in 1886 a dynamite bomb was thrown into a group of policemen who had just begun to disperse a small protest rally in the Haymarket, in Chicago's West Side. One policeman was killed by the bomb, but many of the workers were armed, and before the riot ended over a hundred people had been either killed or wounded.

In the same year Charles Gallo threw a bottle of vitriol from one of the galleries of the Paris stock exchange into the midst of the brokers and their clerks; he followed this up with three random revolver shots which didn't hit anybody. At his trial he shouted: 'Long live revolution! Long live anarchism! Death to the bourgeois judiciary! Long live dynamite! Bunch of idiots!'

In the Paris of the early 1890s the most notorious of the dynamiters – Auguste Vaillant, François-Claudius Ravachol and Emile Henry – wrought havoc and struck terror in the hearts of the bourgeoisie. The 1890s were the climactic years in which the number and range of anarchist attacks on 'civilised' society expanded.

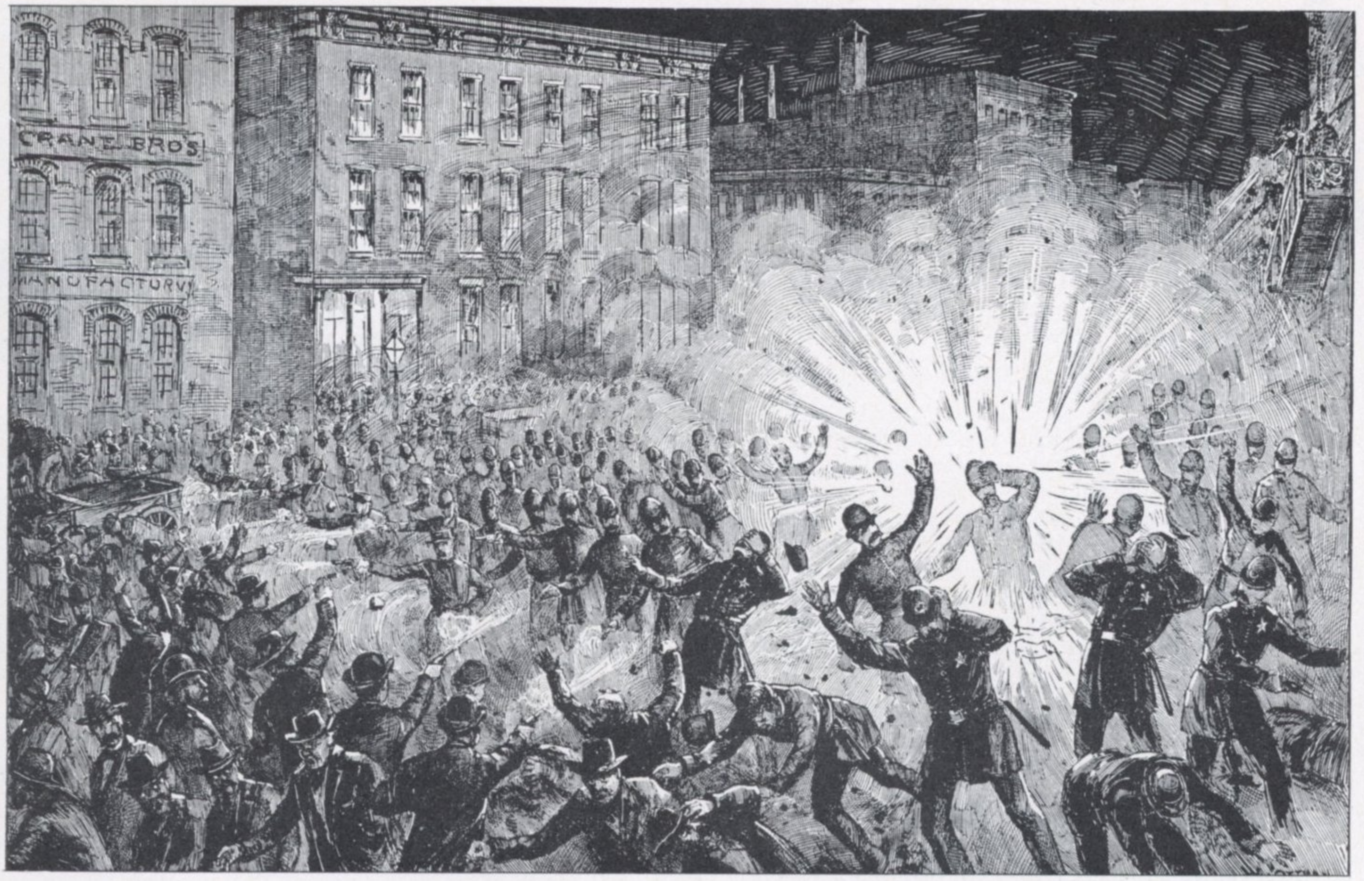
This was roughly how the author of the Hartmann story would have seen it . . . 1891: a miserly old hermit in the French town of Chambles is killed by an anarchist bomb. 1892: a Parisian café proprietor and four policemen are victims of anarchist explosions. 1893: so, too, are twenty Spanish theatre goers. 1894: England has its own bomb incident when an anarchist, believed by many to have been trying to destroy Greenwich Observatory, blows himself up in Greenwich Park. The most notorious incident in Paris is the bombing of the Cafe Terminus at the Gare St Lazare.

Between 1893 and 1900 President Carnot of France, Prime Minister Canovas of Spain, Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary and King Umberto of Italy all fell at the hands of anarchist assassins.

'Dynamite Everywhere,' declared a headline in *The Graphic* for February 24, 1894, giving some indication of the widespread nature of the anarchist peril. Whether in fiction, journalism or public opinion, the anarchist became permanently stereotyped by the events of the 1890s and the word 'anarchy' became a synonym of chaos and destruction. The anarchist, bearded, black-cloaked, his dark impassioned eyes betraying the bomb behind his back, stared menacingly at society from a plethora of cartoons, police photographs and political drawings.

'Anarchism is a crime against the whole human race', stated Theodore Roosevelt in the United States, while throughout Europe financial profiteers combined business with propaganda by issuing comprehensive insurance policies against anarchist activity. *The Graphic* declared: 'The ugly fact society has to face and deal with is that dynamitism is a Briareus, whose hundred hands cover pretty nearly the whole civilised world. Sometimes it breaks forth in one place, sometimes in another, the sole object being to create terror by the destruction of life and property.' *Blackwood's Magazine* concluded: 'The mad dog is the closest parallel in nature to the anarchists.'

And of all the fictional portrayals of 'the mad dog,' none was more preposterous or spectacular than the one which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in 1893. Titled *Hartmann the Anarchist* or *The Doom of the Great City*, the story was written by E. Douglas Fawcett, with illustrations by Fred T. Jane, the originator, interestingly



Real-life anarchy: in May 1886 a bomb was thrown at police breaking up a protest meeting in Chicago's Haymarket Square. The police shot into the crowd, some workers shot back, and in the confusion about 70 died. Frank Harris based his novel The Bomb *on the affair*

enough, of *Jane's Fighting Ships*. It appeared in three episodes, later in book form, and more dramatically reflected the popular fear of the anarchist threat than any other work of fiction of the time.

In true science fiction style, the narrative is set in the future, in the London of 1920. The unease and depression following the Great War is predicted in an uncanny, if somewhat extreme, fashion: 'Not only are many of the East and South London workers becoming dangerous,' we are told, 'but these miscreants, the anarchists, are moving.'

'Riots had been reported from many great towns, while handbills of the most violent sort were being thrust on the workers in London. Revolutionary counsels had been long scattered by a thousand demagogues.'

Hartmann, a German believed dead as a result of a revolutionary exploit some years earlier, has an old widowed mother who lives in secluded respectability in Islington. Through her eyes we are first given a picture of the villain.

'He was educated for the profession of an engineer and was always looked on as a prodigy of intellectual vigour. However, when twenty-three years of age he made the acquaintance of a German exile, one Schwartz, a miscreant of notorious opinions and character. This man gradually inspired him with a hatred of the whole of society and the end of it was that he became an anarchist.'

It transpires, of course, that Hartmann is not in fact dead at all, but very much alive. In great secrecy in Switzerland he has developed his amazing airship – way in advance of any other weapon of the time.

'The dream of Hartmann was realised. The exile and outcast, lately sheltered from the law in the shadow of Continental cities, now enjoyed power such as a hundred Czars could not hope for.'

We are first confronted with Hartmann aboard the 'aeronof,' as the author calls it or 'Attila' as the anarchist himself has named it: 'Seated before a writing desk studded with knobs of electric bells and heaped with maps and instruments . . .'

The airship has a crew of 25 – eight Germans, six Englishmen, four French, two Russians, one Italian and the rest Swiss. To avoid detection, it lands only at night and during the day stays well above cloud level. The 'Attila' is armed with shells, machine guns, dynamite and forcite bombs and petroleum flame throwers.

As the aircraft soars over the North Sea, Hartmann reveals his plan for the liberation of Man: 'The day when the first bomb falls will witness outbreaks in every great city in Europe. We have some 12,000 adherents in London, many more in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere – they will stir the tumult below.

'London is my objective to start with. During the tempests of bombs, the anarchists below will fire the streets in all directions, rouse up the populace, and let loose pandemonium upon earth. In the confusion due to our attack, order and precautions will be impossible.'

Asked what his object is, Hartmann replies frankly: 'To wreck civilisation.' But how would he evolve some kind of system from the chaos? He replies: 'We want no more "systems" or "constitutions." We shall have anarchy. Men will effect all by voluntary association and abjure the foulness of modern wage slavery and city mechanisms.'

After testing the 'Attila's' weaponry on a battleship at sea, Hartmann and his crew make for London. 'The Houses of Parliament, the City, and the West End will occupy us in turn.'

Skimming over Croydon, Norwood Junction and Crystal Palace, the airship at last arrives over Westminster Bridge. 'The scene here beggars description. An enormous crowd had already massed for some great labour demonstration . . .

'Suddenly a gong sounded ominously. It was the signal. The four quick-firing guns vomited flame simultaneously, and ere the crash had died away, a blood-red flag was to be seen fluttering at the stern. The crew yelled with excitement, for the *coup* was evilly romantic. On its broad fluttering bosom the flag bore five ominous words – words which carry a terrible commentary with them: THUS RETURNS HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST . . .

'Then followed a rattle like that of a landslip. Horror of horrors, the great tower had fallen on the crowd, bruising

turn to page 58

Hartmann the Anarchist

continued from page 31

into jelly a legion of buried wretches and beating into ruins the whole mass of buildings opposite. Every outlet from the neighbourhood was being furiously fought by hordes of screaming, shrieking madmen who were falling, crushing and stamping the victims into heaps, and with the growth of each writhing heap the ghastly confusion grew also. Of the Houses of Parliament, pinnacles were collapsing and walls were being riven asunder as the shells burst within them.

'But this spectacle, grievous of its kind, was as nothing to the other. With eyes riveted now to the massacre,' the narrator tell us, 'I saw frantic women trodden down by men; huge clearings made by shells and instantly filled up; house fronts crushing horses and vehicles as they fell; fires bursting out on all sides, to devour what they listed, and terrified police struggling wildly but helplessly in the heart of the press. The roar of the guns was continuous and every missile found its billet . . . The "Attila," drunk with slaughter, was careering in continually fresh tracts, spreading havoc and desolation everywhere.'

On through the City and West End, as planned, Hartmann and his most infernal of infernal machines blazes. Rioting spreads on the ground and soon whole areas of London are on fire.

In Hyde Park the 'Attila,' by now short of ammunition and compelled to make a momentary forced landing, is attacked by a frenzied mob, but manages to take off again before irreparable damage is done to the ship.

By now, however, support on the ground is waning as the forces of law and order, mainly in the shape of the armed forces, regain control. Hartmann meets his end as justice would demand . . .

'Revolver in hand, he closes the gate of the outer wall of the citadel and seems to harangue the crew. Is he mad or what? He fires one of the revolvers and a man drops. A mutiny! A mutiny!

'The men rush up like fanatics. They climb the wall, he shooting the while. He rushes into the citadel and closes the door sharply. They try to follow but cannot. But they have broken the door open, and rush . . . A flash, a crash shattering the window panes and deadening the ear, broke the utterance. Then thundered down a shower of massive fragments, fragments of the vast ship . . . Hartmann, dismayed with the failure of his plans, had blown up the "Attila"!'

Though the fictional Hartmann is too fantastic to bear any real resemblance to any living revolutionary of the period, it is interesting to reflect whether the choice of the name Hartmann may have had some basis in fact.

The chief engineer of an attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia in November 1889 was a Leo Hartmann. Of German family, he was not strictly speaking an anarchist but a member of the *Narodnaya Volya* (People's Will) group. He fled to Paris, but the Russian Government demanded his extradition and he was imprisoned in France and later released. He settled in Britain, where he continued work as a contact for the *Narodnaya Volya* group until his death in 1913. The official Soviet encyclopaedias today describe him as having been 'in very close touch' with Marx and Engels, and he bore the reputation of 'the brilliant terrorist who got away.'

As for the author of the Hartmann story, E. Douglas Fawcett, it turns out that he was himself no stranger to esoteric beliefs. He developed later in life his own philosophy called 'Imaginism,' a sort of spiritualism with strong scientific overtones, about which he wrote a number of books. The title of one of them, *People Who Flew Beyond the Grave*, gives some indication of the extremes to which, in all seriousness, Fawcett's imagination was prepared to go.

But he was by no means the only author of the period who was attracted to anarchy and anarchists as a theme for fiction. The greatest example of the genre, though like so many other 'anarchy' novels it bore little relation to fact, was Emile Zola's *Germinal*. And Frank Harris, author of *My Life and Loves*, wrote a novel called *The Bomb*, based on the Haymarket affair, mentioned earlier. But it, too, was a mélange of fact and fancy, bearing as much relation to the sex struggle as the class struggle.

Similarly, the activities of the German anarchist Johann Most in England provided Henry James with a theme for his novel *The Princess Casamassima*. G. K. Chesterton's novels *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* and *The Man Who Was Thursday* are a product of the same fascination with 'the man with the bomb.' The other great author who utilised the anarchist theme was Joseph Conrad, in his novels *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*.

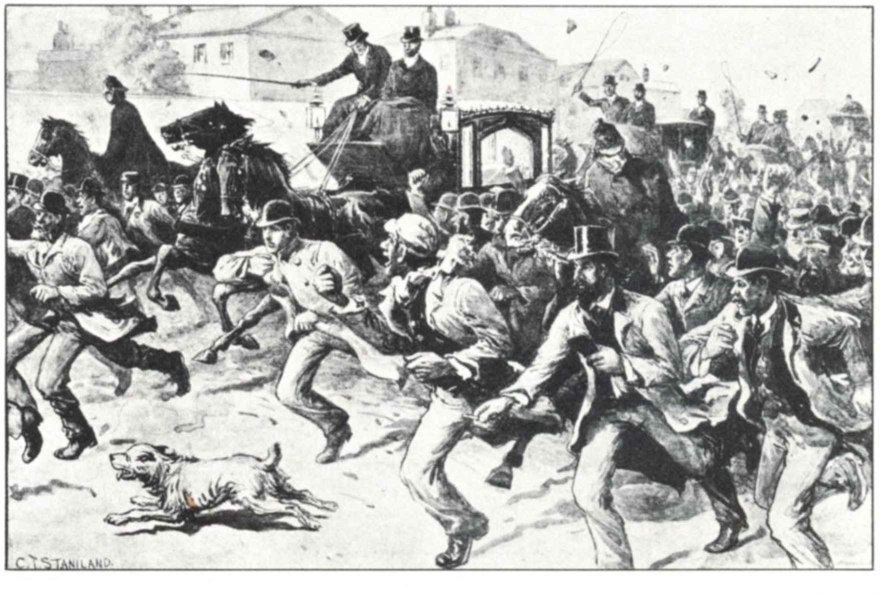
In fact, the plot of *The Secret Agent* centres on the Greenwich Park bomb incident which occurred in February 1894, just a few months after the publication of *Hartmann the Anarchist*.

The unfortunate fellow who blew himself up with a home-made bomb in the park was a 27-year-old French journeyman tailor called Martial Bourdin. His death sparked off a fierce controversy which was never finally resolved and still flickers to life from time to time in learned journals.

Some believed he had gone to the park to blow up the Greenwich Observatory; others believed that he had been on his way to the Continent with the bomb when he was tailed by the police and had fled to the park in the hope of shaking them off. Rumours spread like wildfire. It was said that the house the dead man had lived in, in Great Titchfield Street off Tottenham Court Road, had been occupied a few weeks earlier by the notorious Emile Henry and that Louis Breton, responsible for the Cafe Terminus bombing in Paris just three days earlier, had also lived there.

Hardly surprisingly, anarchists themselves – who can count among their number Tolstoy, Shelley, Prince Kropotkin and Godwin, one-time mentor of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth – have down the years been, variously, irritated and infuriated by the portrait of themselves conveyed in most fiction. The man with the cloak, the floppy black hat and the bomb, they insist, is a very unfair generalisation.

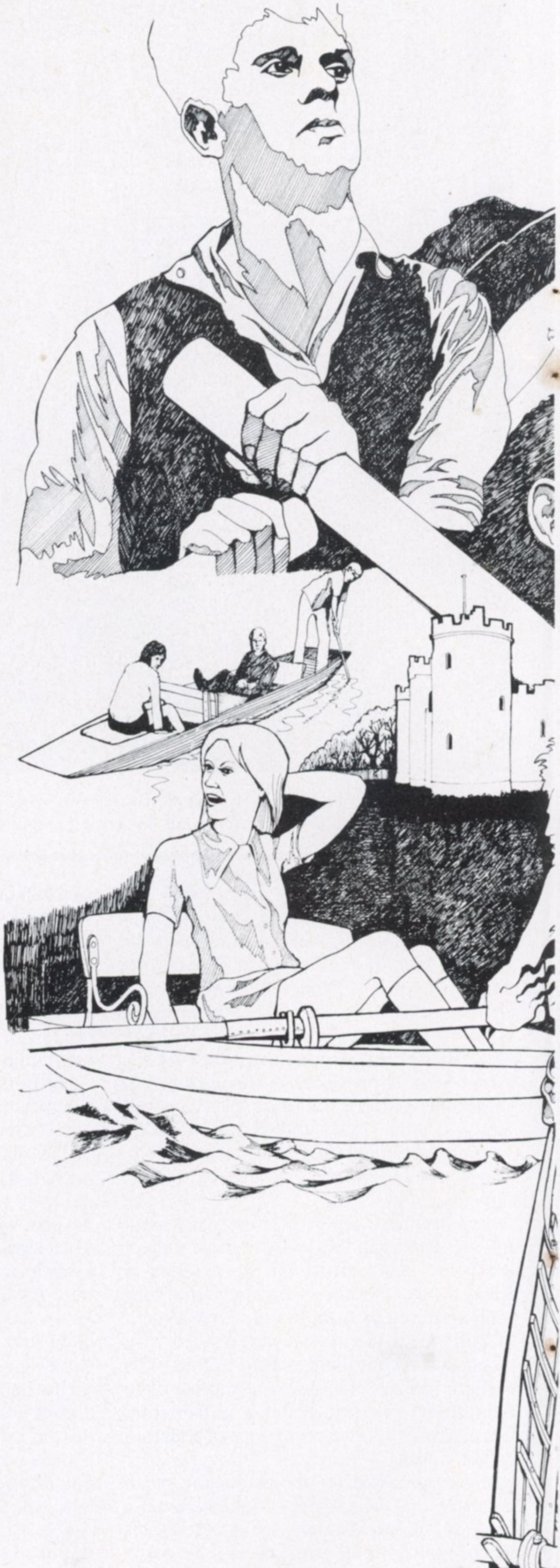
One of the very rare fictional exceptions to this stereotype is conveyed in a novel written by Olivia and Helen Rosetti, nieces of the artist Dante Gabriel Rosetti. Titled *A Girl Among the Anarchists*, the novel portrays an almost pastoral picture of anarchists in England during the closing years of the last century. Sticking close to reality, each character in the novel corresponds to a figure in real life. One man in Manchester has actually sat down and worked out the key. A far cry from Hartmann and his blazing aeronof.



Anarchy pursued the Frenchman who blew himself up in Greenwich Park even unto death. At his funeral at East Finchley Cemetery the crowd fought with police, rocking the hearse

Any more for the jolly school outing?

Unleash the sixth form tearaways, and in no time there'd be havoc – with beer and birds in boats / Nostalgia with Michael Priestley



There was a murmur of mixed relief and astonishment in the staff room when our headmaster, the youthful and trendy Mr Fitzwilliam, announced his decision to send the sixth form on a day's outing, unescorted.

The harassed staff were astonished because while we were quite well advanced academically we were largely looked on as a bunch of intellectual tearaways not fit to be let out alone to the nearest sweet shop. But they were relieved because it meant they could take a rest from their constant watch on the corridor that linked the sixth-form common room to the adjoining girls' school without fear of raiding parties crossing in either direction.

Fitz declared at a sixth form meeting that we had reached the age when we should be treated as 'responsible human beings'. He didn't sound too confident about it as he surveyed the faces before him, but that was what he had told the local education department – apparently with such conviction that they had decided to try out this new policy at all the schools under their charge. It was incredible what Fitz could get away with. We often wondered if it had anything to do with his brother being a close friend of the Director of Education.

Faced with the prospect of a footloose day, we were about to begin discussion as to where we could go when Fitz told us: to the county town to visit the cathedral and furnish ourselves with enough knowledge to write a 2,000-word essay.

Visions faded rapidly of trips to Soho or to the nudist camp reported to exist a mere thirty miles away where Big Oggy claimed to have once peeped through a tangled hedge during a day in the country with his parents and seen a woman well past middle age performing vigorous exercises on a trampoline.

But we weren't down-hearted for long. When you're sixteen or seventeen you bounce back fairly quickly – which was more than could be said about Oggy's trampoline lady.

It's odd how much excitement there is in the prospect of a change of environment with people you spend most of every day with. The thought of a trip to a cathedral with a bunch of our out-of-school friends wouldn't have raised a flicker of enthusiasm in any of us.

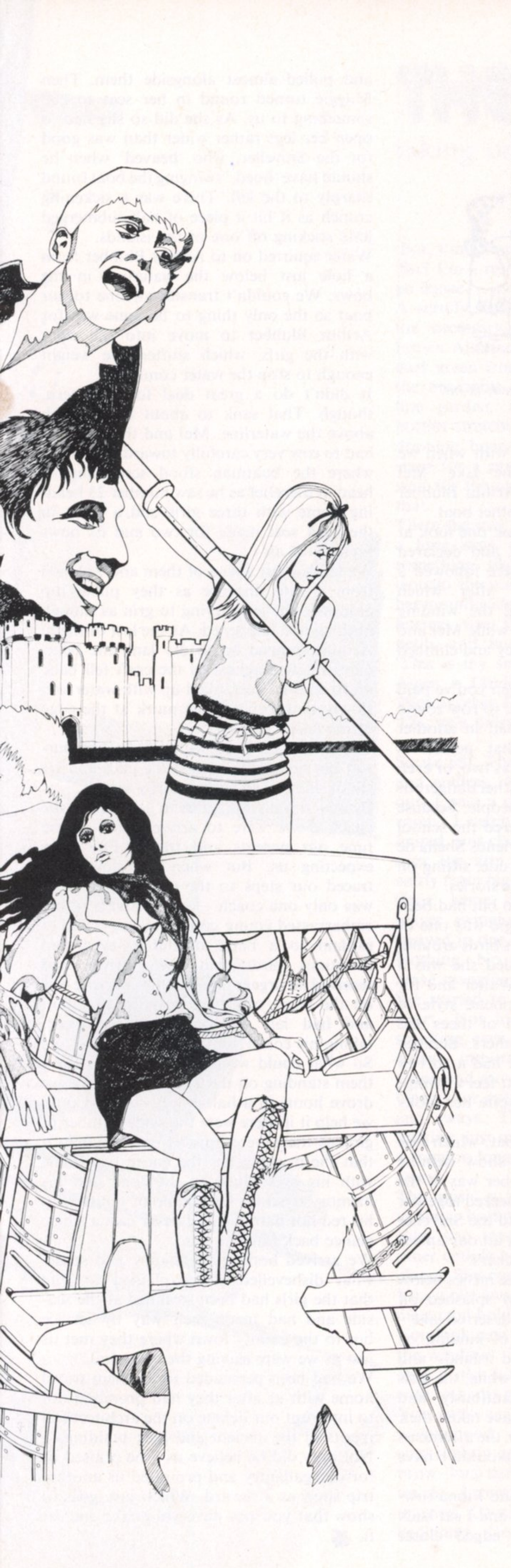
But to get out of the cloistered atmosphere for a while and find out what our companions were like in the real world – what sort of gear they wore at the evenings and at weekends, if they slipped into a non-uniform personality, if Bo (on account of the way he smelt) Wilkins deodorised himself for special occasions – well, it held the promise of something different, if not wildly exciting.

Almost before Fitz had left the room there was a murmur of speculation as to how the trip might be made more interesting, and soon plans were being laid. For about the previous year there had been a rapidly-growing core of hardening beer-drinkers in our midst. Several members of the staff slipped out at lunch-time for a pint at the King's Head on the rather pleasant suburban estate near the lower end of the school complex. We slipped out for a pint and a game of darts at the Nag's Head in one of the streets among the mills above the top end of the school. It was a bit nerve-wracking at first, wondering if the landlord would ask us our age. But as he never did, and as the police seldom ventured into that forsaken part of town, we grew in confidence and a pint and a pie became the regular lunchtime diet. It was much pleasanter than sitting down to school dinners in the disused church that was used as a mess hall.

So beer was a must to make the trip any sort of success and soon Gregory Bold, son of the managing director of a local building firm, who was always around anything to do with money, and his acned side-kick Mel 'Pimply' Rimpley began an unofficial fund.

This was intended to raise enough money to fulfil two objectives – first, to

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD JACOBS



buy some crates of ale, and second, to bribe the coach driver to let us have the crates on the coach with us.

Arthur Blubber knew most of the coach drivers. They used to call at his father's fish and chip restaurant and were, he declared, extremely open to any offers of money, for whatever reason.

Arthur was a guy about seven feet tall and five feet wide who held the distinction of being the only pupil ever to snap the top wall bar in the gym while suspending himself from it by his hands and trying to pull his knees up to his chest. He has added to this achievement by sliding rapidly to the floor, the back of his head providing a skiffle washboard effect on the lower wall bars, and landing on a medicine ball which burst and spilled its contents over the floor.

The fund grew rapidly and about a week before the trip we'd managed to raise £15, which we thought was enough to bribe anyone.

Then we heard something that made our pubescent hearts flutter and our loins gird. The girls' school sixth-form were going on a coach trip on the same day as ours.

How we dreamed irreverently of a grapple behind the altar or a grope along the nave.

But the dream didn't last long. Disappointment again! The girls were heading for the coast to visit a seaside town with an eleventh century castle. When the day of the outings arrived we waited rather dejectedly outside the school for our coach to turn up while the girls, looking most delectable in out-of-school micro-skirts and boots and other gear designed to set a lovelorn youth's mind wandering from thoughts of saints and martyrs, piled on their own coach and set off for their date with the ozone.

They didn't look any happier than we felt, and we noticed as the coach drew away that several of them cast forlorn glances at us through the rear window – although it was generally considered by all of us to be a mean trick for one of them to wave farewell with a pair of knickers.

Soon our coach arrived and we took our seats and looked sadly from the windows as we drove through the busy streets, out through the suburbs then across flat open country to the county town.

The mood brightened, however, when Arthur Blubber and Gregory Bold moved to the front of the coach and began to chat up the driver. Apparently he was all that Arthur had promised he would be because a fiver changed hands. We stopped at the first pub reached by opening time. We spent almost another fiver on crates of ale, bought pints all round to keep us going until we could get the bottles opened and still had about three quid left.

Before we reached the county town we were all rather merry – even Jeremiah Strong, head boy, super-brain and athlete of distinction, had abandoned his usual reserved air and kept sticking his head out of the window and emitting cowboy whoops at surprised lady cyclists.

But the rapid intake of liquid and the chill in the late morning air had its traditional effect and we were approaching the outer suburbs of the county town when there was an almost choral cry of "Stop for a pee!"

We could have chosen a better spot. It was the main road from the west into the county town and it carried a fairly constant stream of traffic. However, we huddled together in the shadow of the coach and were sublimely squirting the hedgerow when we noticed that the coach was slowly pulling away from us while the driver's wicked laughter rang out of the window.

He stopped several yards up the road and there was nothing for us to do but to try to get back into the coach's protective screen. So passing motorists were treated to the sight of a line of thirty or so youths trying to look nonchalant as they shuffled sideways along the grass verge with their backs to the road.

When we finally regained our seats and our dignity we set off again for our destination. But there was quite a lot of rethinking going on in sections of our party. Eventually a vote was taken and it was decided unanimously by a show of hands that, with the agreement of the driver, they could stuff the cathedral.

The driver seemed only too delighted. As the coach pulled up outside the historic building Grotty Hebblethwaite, a studious guy who was by this time rather merry, tottered along to the kiosk and returned giggling with half a dozen copies of Guide To The Cathedral, With Full Historical Details and Many Illustrations, Some In Full Colour.

That took care of the essays, another couple of quid took care of any qualms the driver might have had left, and soon we were bowling out of the other side of the town on our way to the coast and the girls.

Fortunately our driver came from the same firm as the driver of the girls' coach and it didn't take him long to discover where they had parked. But the coach was empty, so it was going to be a case of hunt the crumpet.

The driver seemed more than anxious to leave us to it. Apparently he had called at the resort with a party a month before. It had been a rather chilly day and he had spent some time in a pub where the barmaid, he informed us with a large wink, had supplied him with something hot.

So he left us and we split up into several parties according to what we expected of the afternoon. Some were blatantly looking for girls. Others, led by Jeremiah Strong, who seemed determined to rid himself entirely for the day of the responsibilities of school life, marched off for a drinking session which they vowed would end only when the pubs shut for the afternoon. And two or three pranced away to sit on the beach followed by hoots of ridicule from the rest of us.

Our party set off with vigour, anxious to sample all the resort had to offer. There was Gregory Bold, Mel Rimpley, Arthur Blubber, myself and a furtive-looking guy by the name of Sniveller O'Henry, whose nose had never stopped running since he entered the first form.

First we walked down through the town to look at the sea. But it was early in the season and the water looked about as inviting as a bath of cold porridge. Still, it whet our appetite for a swim so we raced to the heated indoor pool.

Fortunately they hired out swimming trunks and towels and we were able to kit ourselves out. But when you hire trunks from swimming pools you get what you get and we emerged from our cubicles to discover that Arthur Blubber had squeezed himself into a pair that would have comfortably accommodated only one of his legs while the Sniveller had to wrap his pot-luck trunks round himself three times and tie them up with his snake-clasp Scout belt.

While they dived back into the cubicles to exchange outfits we set off in search of the water and, rounding a corner, bumped into Deidre, an extremely matey bird who everyone treated as one of the lads and never made a pass at.

She had one of the nicest dispositions of any bird I've ever come across. Let's face it – when you're as homely as Deidre you've got to be pleasant.

She greeted us with exclamations of genuine pleasure and a few slaps on our bare backs and told us that most of the girls had looked round the castle as quickly as they could that morning and were spending the afternoon on various pursuits around the town.

She and Fiona, a right raver who pretended not to be, had decided to have a swim before going to the boating lake. We joined them and plunged into the water, which was several degrees hotter than was comfortable for strenuous swimming but just nice for lazing around on your back or swimming a sluggish breast stroke.

After a rather relaxing half-hour we all decided to end our swim and join Deidre and Fiona on the boating lake before heading back to the coaches.

There were too many of us for one rowing boat so we split into two groups. Deidre, Fiona, Gregory Bold and myself took one boat – and I could see by the glances Gregory and Fiona were exchanging which bird I would be paired off with when we reached the middle of the lake. Mel Rimpley, the Sniveller and Arthur Blubber were to be three men in the other boat.

KEITH REYNOLDS

'Not exactly house-trained, is he?'

But the ancient boatman took one look at Arthur's mountainous bulk and declared him *persona non grata*. There followed a short lakeside conference after which Arthur wandered off along the winding path at the edge of the lake while Mel and the Sniveller paid their money and climbed into the boat.

Now it's not strictly fair, when you've paid for two people to use a boat, to row round a bend out of sight and load in another person, especially when that person is Arthur Blubber, who counts as two, or even three. It's even less fair and rather dangerous to load in a further three people, because Arthur Blubber had discovered the school mattress, Maggie, with her friends Sheila de la Mer and Scraggy Ermintrude, sitting on the lake edge exchanging rude stories.

They were an ill-assorted trio but had been firm friends for years. Maggie was one of the most sexy and voluptuous birds around, and knew it. Sheila pretended she was a distant relative of the late Walter and for some time had affected a poetic style of speech which involved a lot of thees and thous and several come hithers. Scraggy Ermintrude was scraggy but had a sort of cheeky charm that made you feel a twinge of affection towards her despite her looks and your better judgment.

They all climbed into the boat, which was by this time beginning to show definite signs of strain. Arthur Blubber was in the bows, the three girls were squeezed together on the back seat and Mel and the Sniveller were in the middle, wielding an oar apiece and looking at the girls' knickers.

The waterline was about three inches below the top of the boat as they splashed off sluggishly across the almost deserted lake – the guys nursing thoughts of landing on one of the many tree-filled islands and getting back to nature for a while, the girls eyeing the motley trio cautiously and thinking that if they could have taken their pick of three companions for the afternoon the specimens before them wouldn't have been at the top of their list.

We followed them, Deidre and Fiona rowing well while Gregory Bold and I sat back to enjoy a cigarette. We edged closer and pulled almost alongside them. Then Maggie turned round in her seat to call something to us. As she did so she had to open her legs rather wider than was good for the Sniveller, who 'heaved' when he should have 'hoed,' swinging the boat round sharply to the left. There was a sickening crunch as it hit a piece of half-submerged jetty sticking off one of the islands.

Water squirted on to Arthur Blubber from a hole just below the waterline in the bows. We couldn't transfer anyone to our boat so the only thing to be done was for Arthur Blubber to move into the stern with the girls, which shifted the weight enough to stop the water coming in.

It didn't do a great deal for the stern, though. That sank to about half-an-inch above the waterline. Mel and the Sniveller had to row very carefully towards the shore where the boatman stood scratching his head in disbelief as he saw number 23 heading home with three girls and a giant in the back seat made for two and its bows high in the air.

We landed just ahead of them and watched from a safe distance as they pulled up alongside the jetty trying to grin as though nothing had happened. As the last of them, Arthur, stepped on to dry land the boatman watched aghast as the craft fell back on to an even keel, filled up with water and slowly sank beneath the murk at the edge of the lake.

We all dashed away with him in hot pursuit but he couldn't stand the pace and we shook him off in some nearby woods.

By now it was time for us to get back to the coach if we were to arrive home at the time our parents and trendy Fitz were expecting us. But when we slowly retraced our steps to the coach park there was only one coach – ours – and a rather embarrassed young constable was trying to explain to a band of fluttery-eyed and flirtatious birds that their driver had received an urgent message that his wife was on the verge of giving birth to an infant and had left for home at top speed, taking his coach with him.

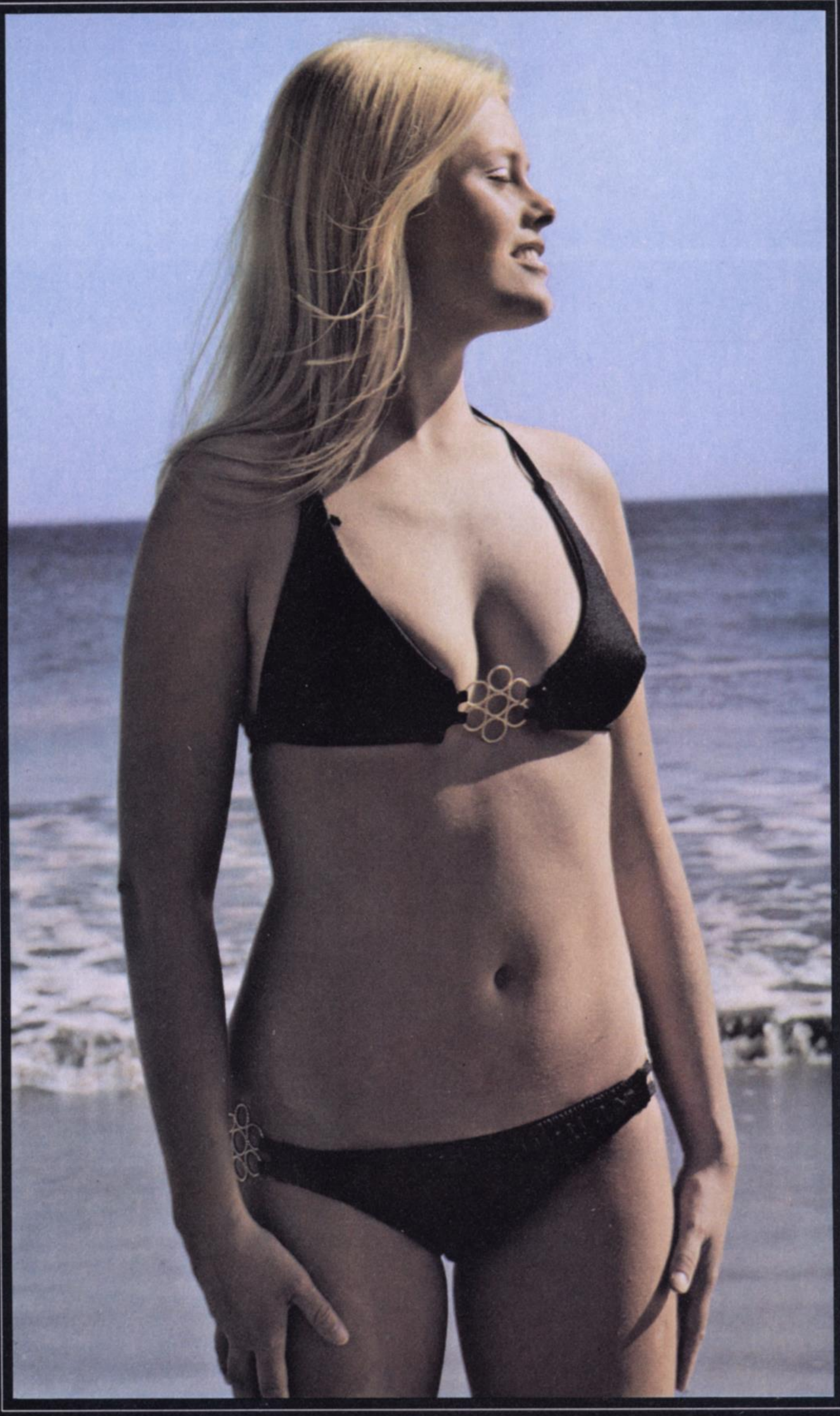
So what could we do? We couldn't leave them standing on the coach park while we drove home in a half-empty coach. Could we help it if there were the same number of girls as there were boys? Could we help it that the driver spent the entire trip home with his eyes glued to the road and his memory fixed on his couple of hours with his red-hot barmaid and never cast a single glance back into the bus?

We arrived home tired, happy and somewhat dishevelled and explained to Fitz that the girls had been stranded at the seaside and had made their way by service bus to the county town where they met us just as we were leaving the cathedral.

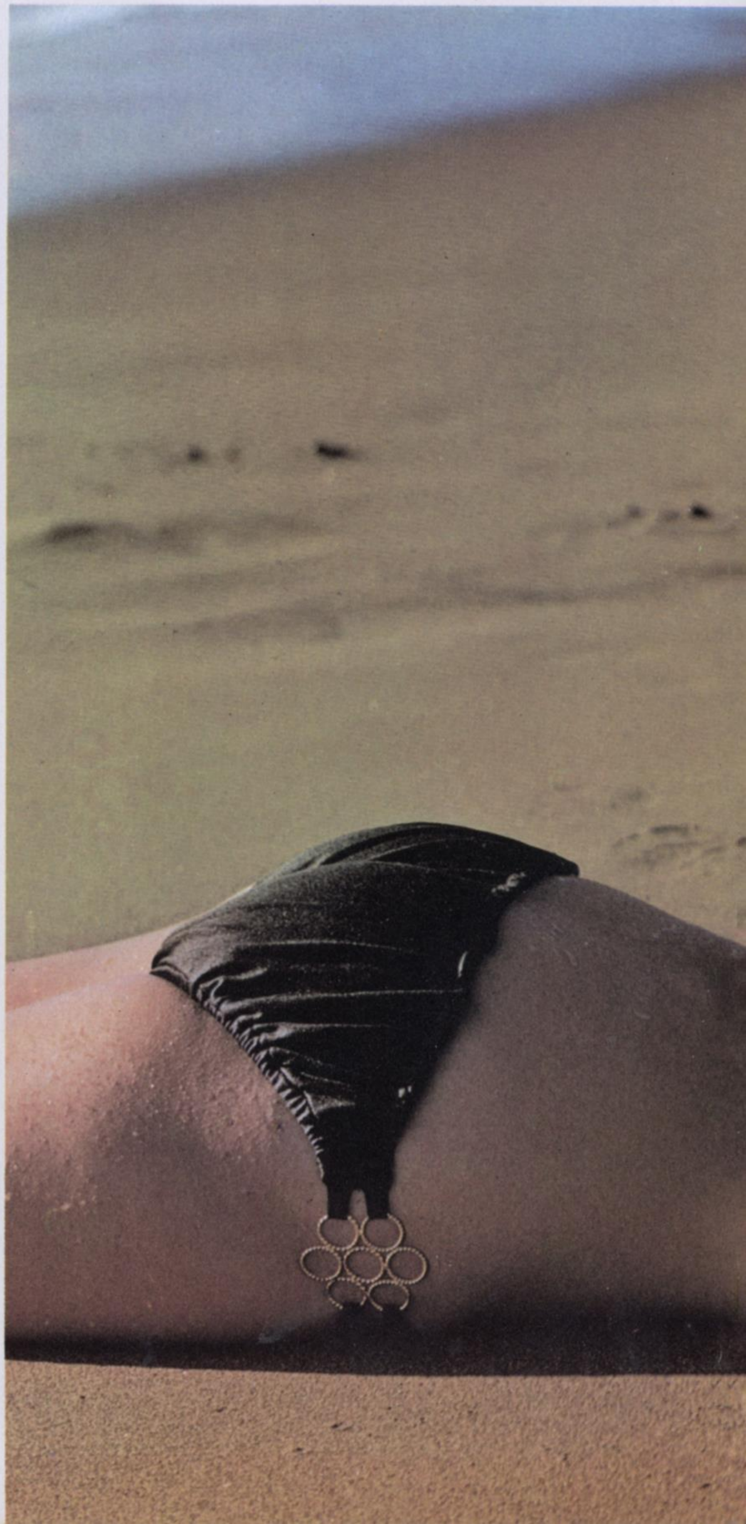
We had been persuaded to let them travel home with us after they had promised not to interrupt our debate on the architectural merits of the ancient and holy building.

Not only did he believe us – he praised us for our gallantry and promised us another trip soon as a reward. Which just goes to show that you *can* have your cake and eat it.

Carolyn



We first saw Carolyn from the coast road. It was an early hot summer afternoon when we caught the flash of movement of her bikini slim body moving from water to beach across the wide sweep of sand below the road. Our original intention, to capture on film the action of sand yachts wheeling down racing beaches, was momentarily forgotten as we stopped the car and set out to try capture something far more elusive. She was immediately suspicious of our approach – jealous of her territory down there on the beach at the water's edge. As though she had drawn with the magnetism of her body, an invisible circle in the sand and inside that, by her very attitude and half nakedness she was closer to sand and sun and water than to her fellow beings. Carolyn 18-years-old, sand-dusted and wet-breasted Hargreaves-Bland was taking an unofficial afternoon away from work while the beach near her south coast home was empty and she hadn't come down here to see other people. We weren't anything to do with work were we? No. Her attitude relaxed a little. What did we want?

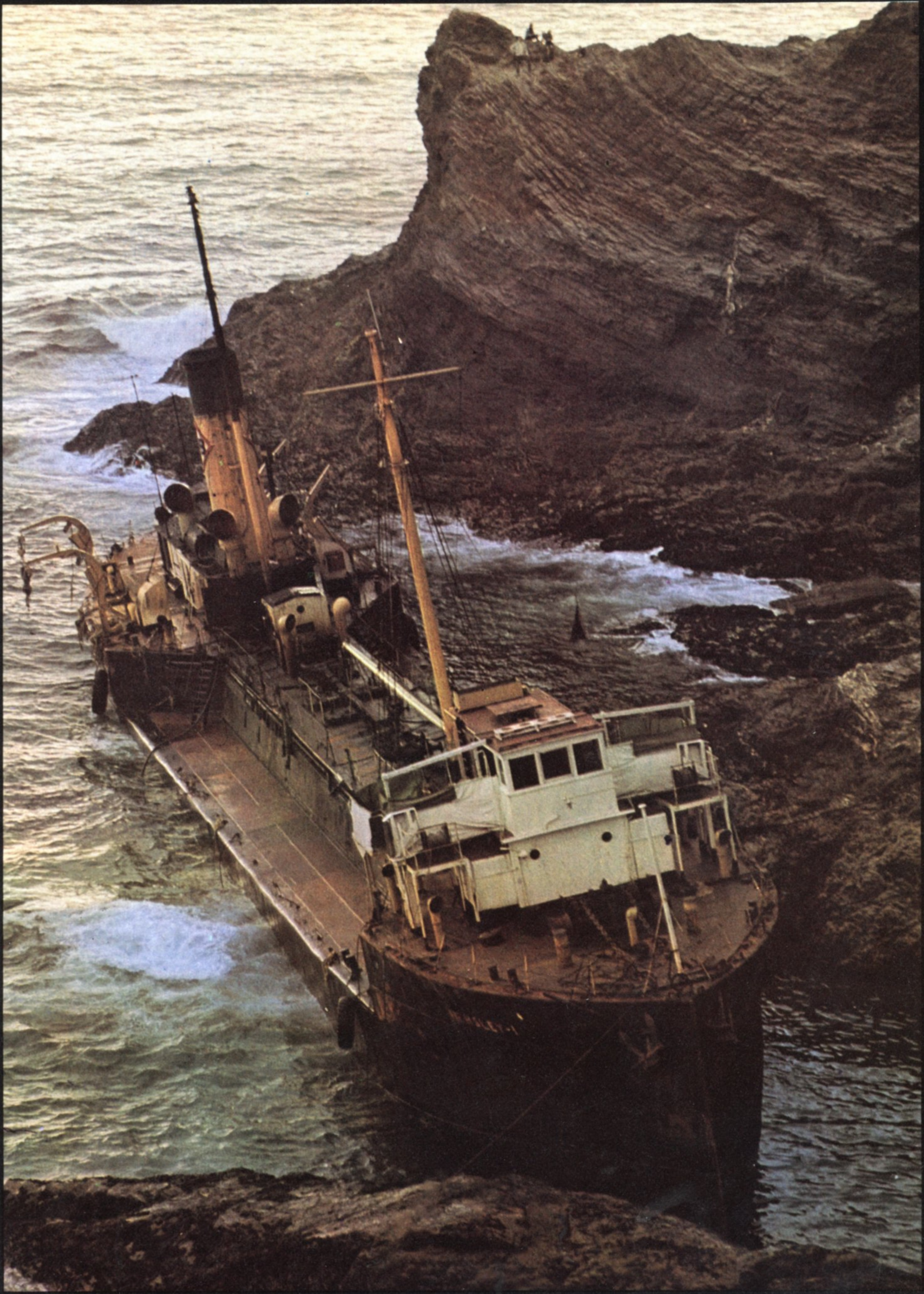


We've always found that honesty and the direct approach worked best so we told her we'd seen her from the road and found her attractive enough to want to photograph. 'No,' she said. 'I don't think so.' So we sat down and talked and we found many things in common. When we thought she was opening out to us we asked her again. 'Well, in my bikini perhaps.' We took some polaroids in colour and showed them to her. 'Can I keep these?' she asked. Certainly she could. Could we picture her in the water? She lay in the shallows and came back to dry on the beach. What did she measure? Laughing now. 'Guess?'

We're no good at guessing, we said. 'I'm only 34 round here.' She touched the covering of her breasts. 'The rest is 22 and 35. I wish I were a little larger round here (touching her breasts again).' We told her she was so nearly perfect it mattered not a single jot, but having found her one weak spot we asked her to take her bikini bra off. So the blonde on the beach became by stages the naked blonde on the beach, hard breasts squeezed at first between sand and her glistening water-soft body and later bared hard nippled to the warm sun. And when we later left her she said she'd see us again. The sand yachts? That's another story.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CAROLYN HARGREAVES-BLAND

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CAROLYN HARGREAVES-BLANND

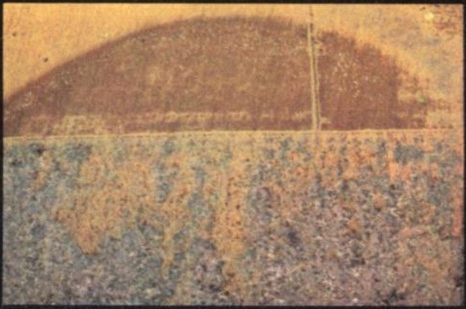


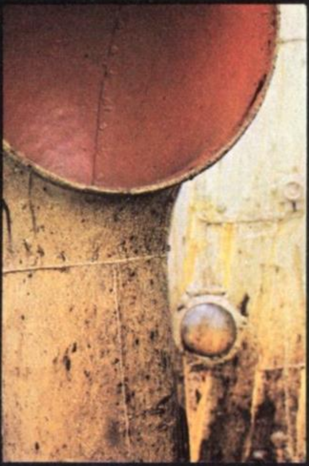
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MORLAND

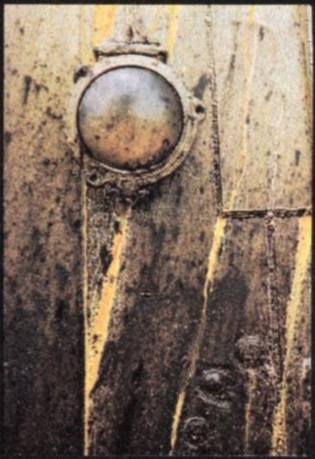
REQUIEM FOR A RUSTY TANKER

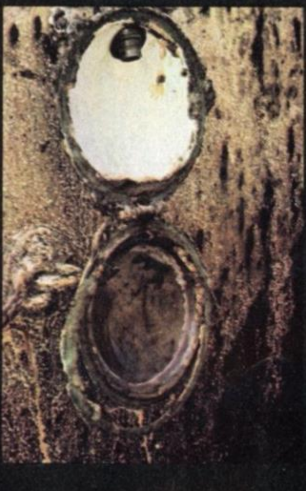
Pollution? Of course. But sun, steel and sea can still have a bizarre beauty of their own

Time and sea: there are in nature no forces more relentless. Man and all his creation must in due course submit to their ravages. Steel is no exception. Under the steady pounding of days and waves, the mundanely ugly takes on a grotesque beauty. Tides consume slowly but lavishly: even pollution acquires its own aesthetics. The 1,100-ton tanker Hemsley I was snared on her way to the grave. Between the jagged rocks of a Cornish cove. With a crew of thirteen, she was on her way to the breaker's yard one May night when she ran aground amid thick fog at Treyarnon Bay on the north Cornwall coast. Ever since, the Atlantic has been gnawing at her innards. Wreaking weird textures. Rasping uncanny patterns. Brewing strange hews. She was the oldest ship in the British Merchant Navy. Built in 1916, she had seen service as a coastal tanker for over fifty years. 'It was all a bit frightening. There was a shuddering crash. I grabbed my lifejacket and rushed on deck,' said George Mangen, Hemsley's chief cook, after the accident. 'We were right on the rocks.'

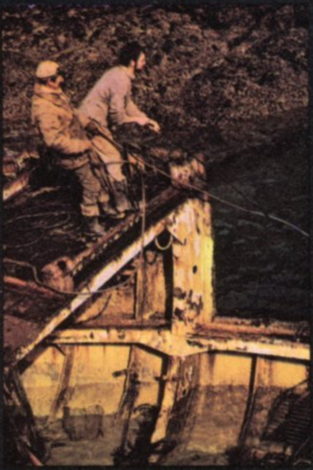


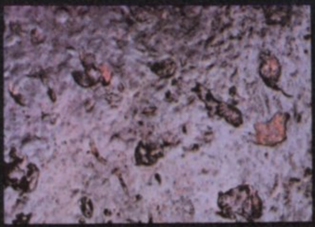


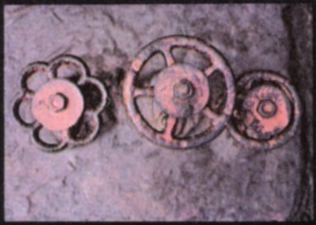




Opposite page: the Hemsley I hopelessly stranded at Fox's Cove, Treyarnon Bay, Cornwall. This page, top row: the strange beauty of rusty bows, and one of the ship's ventilators. Centre row: what brine can do to a ship's fittings. Bottom row: a hatch, a lamp and anchor

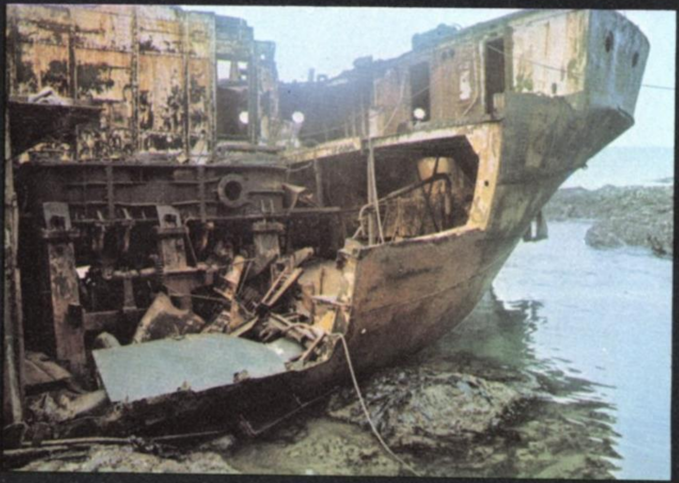


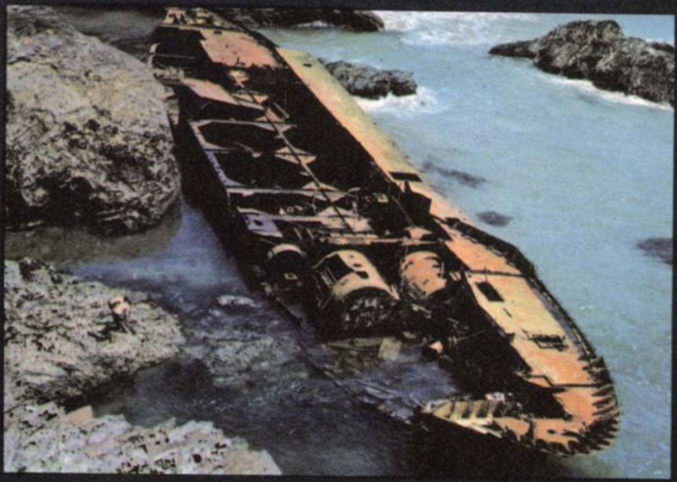


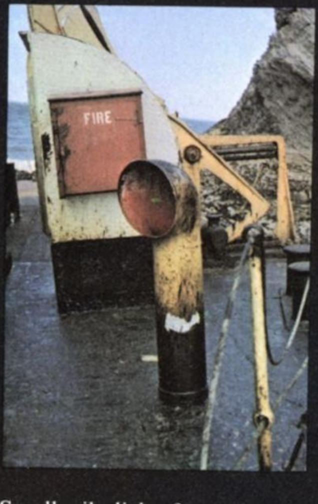


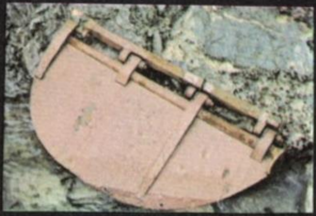
Above where the Hemsley I now lies are cliffs 200 feet high. It was up these cliffs after the ship had run aground that a member of the crew clambered to call for help. Only then was it discovered that the ship was way off course. A Dutch vessel and a British tug had picked up a May Day call hours before that she was on the rocks under the Lizard Head. Three lifeboats and sixty auxiliary coastguards had been searching in vain for the Hemsley I. In fact, Treyarnon Bay is fifty miles farther up the coast from the Lizard. Three crew members had to be taken to hospital, but the rest escaped unscathed. The tanker was holed in three places on the port side and all attempts to heave her off the rocks have failed. Although the Hemsley's oil tanks were empty, sludge in the bilges did ooze out. And beaches were threatened.

Opposite page: the long task of cutting up the Hemsley with the help of oxy-acetylene equipment. And the silvery grey shades of oil on rusty metal. This page: the cutters have carried out their surgery. And the ship's sounding machine, ventilators and weirdly corroded rudder









Small oil slicks from the ship were cleared with sprayed detergent. What was to happen to the stricken Hemsley now? The Duchy of Cornwall insisted the whole of the tanker had to be removed. Lloyds, who were in possession of her by now, sold her to a scrap dealer. And the long, slow business of salvage commenced. First, all the brass deck fittings were removed, but winter for a time held up further gutting. Then the Hemsley was sold to a second scrap dealer, Doug Collier, never one to turn down a challenge. Collier and his men are still doing their best to see that the Duchy of Cornwall's request is met: they battle against wind, sea and cold for as much of the year as they dare. Work is only possible at low tide, so it's only possible to hack at the Hemsley for four hours at a time, even in the summer. The detached sheets of steel are hauled perilously up the cliff by an ex-army winch. 'She must have been a stubborn vessel, the Hemsley,' says an old local, surveying the wreck. Indeed she must. On her way to a breaker's yard she never reached: she dies in splendour.

PLINK PLONK LET'S HAVE A KNOX-UP FIRST, GIRLS

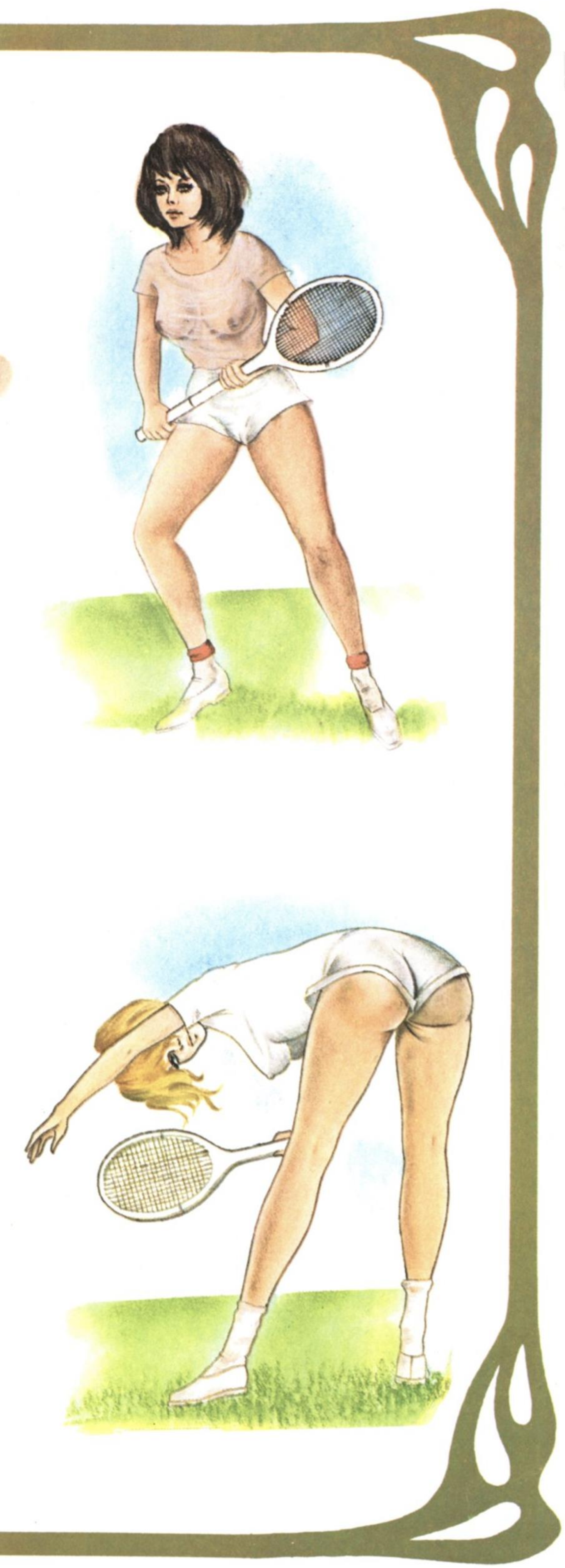
There's much more to tennis than bouncing balls, says Edward Knox. Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Wimbledon is probably more famous for its tightly-knickered, cotton cleft female bottoms and petulant young breasts surging under flimsy blouses than it is for its elite gamesmanship. And what bums and boobs are doing at Wimbledon this summer they'll be doing everywhere else – including Ealing Municipal Tennis Courts – the next. But if the highpoints at Wimbledon are the ladies' matches, the high points at my own tennis club were Betty Snip's tautly rising boobs. She once did the dirty on me by catching a superb Knox volley in the cleft between, thereby splitting her creamy blouse from top to bottom and worse. Before I could re-align either backhand, eyeballs or tennis balls, she was cantering down the centre line towards me. As I stood mesmerised by those massive ball separated boobs she tapped the left one with her racket causing the ball to pop out and plunk over the net.

'Against the rules,' I cried, running to the net.

'No it wasn't,' she replied. 'It was against my breasts. Anyway, that's game, set and match to me.'

I got my own back behind the pavilion. She was game, had a perfect set and we matched – for several hours. We all have our favourite strokes and tennis players are no exception although I'm inclined to the view that a deft forehand in the pavilion bushes is worth a dozen volleys, lobs and backhands across the court. After a number of horizontal bouts in the greenery I developed the Knox double drop, best essayed to the player's advantage in mixed doubles. Try it on a bloke and you'll be not so much lying as flying through the bushes. When serving, raise balls, racket, picnic hamper, and anything else you have on hand, above the head, sling the lot into the bushes and leaping forward grap for your female partner's left upper and right lower mixed doubles, scoop her from the ground and follow racket, balls and hamper into the bushes. If, once in the bushes, you still want to play tennis, it's time to change your partner. But perhaps the finest stroke of all is the high lob. I executed such a lob to a young lady named Muriel. Trying to get the ball she jumped clean out of her knickers. My play during the match had strained her elastic to the utmost, as I had hoped it would. As she bent to retrieve her panties I vaulted the net for a victory fondle. My foot caught in the net and as I went down my racket was brought into contact with her superb upturned buttocks. She screamed and sat on my head, warm quivering cheeks and soft thighs about my ears. I was digesting a fair quantity of grass at the time and subsequently lost my appetite for tennis.



oriental
spice
oriental spice
AFTER SHAVE & SHOWER
SHULTON
oriental spice
AFTER SHAVE & SHOWER

Gives a man
an unfair
advantage–
Try it.

AFTER SHAVE & SHOWER
Also available in talc & showersoap

Get your own Oriental Spice Dragon Wriststrap! Details from your Oriental Spice retailer. Offer ends August 31st.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

THE PARTY

There she was: a married woman. Was she for the taking or wasn't she? You move closer and she comes

Fiction by John Hope

'But, I'm a respectable married woman.'

'So? I'm a respectable married man. Let's go dance.'

A scruffy kitchen made more scruffy by the necessary garbage of a party. Tall brown Alsatian and German wine bottles, dark green from Burgundy and Bordeaux, the inevitable Spaniards, like weeds in a fine garden, and the infantry of beer bottles stretched along the tables and the draining boards. Not the most romantic stage for a proposal, but, well, you don't wait for the set to develop. Life's not like that.

There she was. Small, bright, dark, wearing a long skirt and white blouse, looking something like the traditional countrywoman she was. Her eyes were brown and her mouth wide, lips red and glistening. Our hostess was standing beside her, small, petite and laughing. They were related. 'This is my sister,' I was told, 'and this, Anne, is David.'

'Not another David?'

'Oh, he's different; this one's the smooth one.'

So we left. The passage, long and tall . . . and endless. A room, with noise coming out. I pass a door on the left. The sitting room. I catch a glimpse of a tall, wavy haired, suit-clad man lying back, stretched over the arm of a chair. The room, lit softly from big table lamps standing on the floor, some decorations, and a record player swinging on the noise. A couple swayed in one corner. In the other nothing. Nothing. No one else. One couple, the noise swinging, and us.

We started to dance. Slowly at first, and apart. Not looking at each other. Not speaking, even. Well, what to speak of? The music – important. Close eyes, sway, react, swing and move.

Open your eyes – your body jumps, circles and sways. The music takes over. Not looking, just moving. Then, eyes meet, just a fraction longer. You hold, and she looks away.

The music is loud, important. Hips move in time, backwards and forwards, side to side, you revolve round the room. The other couple have gone. Alone. You move closer. She comes, but you don't force it. You move away again, turn and look. Eyes meet, and hold, and then down – modestly. You look past at the long velvet hung over the windows. Tall, and broad. Must have been a nice house once, in the old days – with servants perhaps.

You look again, and see her, in all her womanhood. Not looking, just moving, eyes slightly open, hair swaying across her brow – long dark hair, mysterious, soft to the touch – I wonder? – no, better wait – she's married. Caution now replaces the bright beginning. Don't push. Just enjoy those breasts firm and full under the white cotton of the blouse, and the figure straight – on long legs you think – hope – you cannot see for the long skirt down to her ankles. But she moves lightly, swinging in time, hips rounded and warm looking.

Yes. A lazy pace and hands touch the flanks, and she comes too. Hips touch and belly, and you let your hands hold lightly. Music is slower now and you just stand and sway slightly like two long stems of grass in a warm breeze. Talk.

'You're enjoying yourself.' Not a question, a statement. A quick flash of the eyes and the mouth widening into a smile.

'Yes, Aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'For a respectable married woman you're dancing like a young girl. How old are you?'

'Weren't you told about that question? You'll have to guess.'

'Twenty-five.'

'Wrong.'

'Twenty-four.'

'Wrong – you're going the wrong way too. The flattery was intended.' She pouted, but finished with a smile.

'Twenty-seven then, you cannot be older than that.'

'Thirty' she replied, 'with one child, a little boy aged three. And you, what about you?'

'It's your turn to guess now – and I bet you'll be wrong too.'

'All right, you're twenty-five.'

'Sorry, wrong answer, I told you.'

'Well, give me another chance' and she quizzically looked me over, trying hard to fathom.

'Twenty-six.'

'No, you've got one to go.'

'Perhaps you're younger – twenty-three?'

'No, I'm thirty. So we're quits and about equal too.'

Unimportant information really, or is it? The music is still slow, and we are with it. With it, emotionally and spiritually as our bodies move in its beat. With it physically, as our bodies move together. When? I'm not sure. My right hand is round her waist, low where it thickens out and swells to the buttocks. She hasn't objected but has come into me. Our other hands are locked now, gently tracing patterns over the skin on the back. Her arm is up, high round my shoulder. Leaning slightly. Support. She's giving herself. Would she give herself? It seemed impossible. But she wants to? Did she? Did she? She'd been drinking, though she wasn't drunk. But the hand round my shoulder? Was that her finger on my neck? No. But her hips move into mine and stay there. She doesn't move away. Would she? Doubtful. You hear stories. You know. Men in bars and clubs. 'Go on, she was just asking for it. Hot piece of stuff, straight onto the dance floor and she wanted it. We went upstairs and I had her. She just got dressed and went out. Never saw her again. Lovely roll though . . .' Go on, you heard things like that all the time. Heard them, but they didn't happen. Did they? Well, perhaps occasionally.

I remember having a long discussion about girls and love and sex with a friend once. He asked me if I had ever slept with a woman the same night as I met her. He said that any woman who let you sleep with her first night round was a scrubber. But this one wasn't. A pro nor a scrubber. Welsh she might be and there's another story. Go West young man . . . to Wales, where the women are hot and passionate. Where do these stories originate from? Some bar. But they must have some truth. She's Welsh, and she's hot . . . well warm anyway. But she's not a scrubber. That's that then. Isn't it?

The record changed. Diana Ross and the Supremes were screaming out a syncopated rhythm. The beat was fast and we broke apart. Music, loud and fast and animal. Voice and the beat, sway and the drums, backwards and the thump of the drums, forwards and the thump of the drums, hips, hips, hips. Close your eyes – you could be in bed. What is she thinking? What is she hearing?

Open your eyes and she's there. The music and her hips are one. She throws her leg up and forward and the hip follows. The arms are spread wide to balance. They come close, and close across her breasts, hands outstretched, fingers pointed. Eyes down, her lips seem to touch her fingers. Eyes closed, hips moving and moving. Music loud. Eyes come up and we gaze at each other, into each other. No decision. We move forward together. All the world is hips. No arguing. Our hips meet – and grind. I can feel her sex, as she rides on my thigh, pressed close and hard. The music, loud and hips move and move. She moves closer and we move together. And break.

The room is hot. Funny. We look into each other again and move to the music. Hurdles have been crossed. Not Beechers, but hurdles. I know now. She wants. But will she? Do I want her? Funny question too. I can feel that I do. Tight trousers are all very well, but . . .

The music stops. It starts again. The Supremes again, 'Love is like an itching in my heart.' Well, great words, great meaning. Oh yes, there's an itching all right. We move again, and come together, arms tight round each other. No one to watch. No one. Just the three living presences. Anne, me and the music, the catalyst. I hold her and pull her to me, roughly. She comes, and my hands are round her, slipping down to cradle the soft flesh of her bottom. Knead it gently. Her arms are joined round me and our hips are one. It is hot. We breathe. Deeply. Our hips and loins speak the language of communication, of want, of love, of sex, of want, of want . . . we break. But the music goes on.

Our mouths open and we breathe and look at each other. Yes, yes, yes. The music changes. Slow, and we come together. Chaste almost. Another couple come in and start to dance. We are close together.

'How long have you been married?' It seems a good question. I want to know.

'Six years, and you?'

'Four.'

'Have you any children?'

'No, not yet.'

'Where's your wife tonight?'

'At home.'

'Why didn't she come?'

'She's been to Reading today, and when she got back she didn't want to come, so I came by myself. We're very independent, do a lot by ourselves, but when we want to be together we are. It works. It probably isn't ideal, but we're happy.'

'And you. Where's your husband?'

'In the next room.'

'Oh,' – momentary panic. What if he comes in? He might be bigger than me – a mental picture of a split lip, stitches, and torn clothes. It was raining outside too. Wet, the pavement would be nasty to land on.

'Doesn't he dance?'

'No, not much. He'll be in the other room talking probably. We've been to a political party already – deadly boring. Then we came here. This is much better.' And she nuzzled to me, holding me with a tender pressure, though to the other couple it all seemed fairly innocent.

The big beat starts again and with it we break apart and love at a distance, linked by the rhythm of the drums beating out regularly so that the hips jerked and writhed sensuously. The other couple are with the music too, hands clapping, hips writhing, bottoms pushing, but I could feel their eyes occasionally. The music seemed all drums now, bass drum muffled at the bottom, hitting you in the stomach so that your nerves jingle and tingle, and the high pitched, tenor drum, sharp, setting your legs moving, taking you across the floor, forwards and backwards. Time to go. We couldn't, but the other couple stopped dancing and left. We were alone – with the beat again.

We come together. Arms tight round each other, hugging and pressing, physically masturbating ourselves in time to the music. Then her hand comes to me and slowly feels the weight and size of me, holding me pressed together by the other hand. My hands are still about her shoulder, as she seemed to go wild, and lose all sense of where she was or who she was. Scrubber? No. Married woman? Yes. Attractive? Yes. Passionate – wow.

Her hands go down the top of my trousers as we move apart and my fingers caress her breasts through the white cotton. Her breath comes hot and fast as she finds what she wants most in all the world, as she holds me in her long fingers, squeezing, wanting.

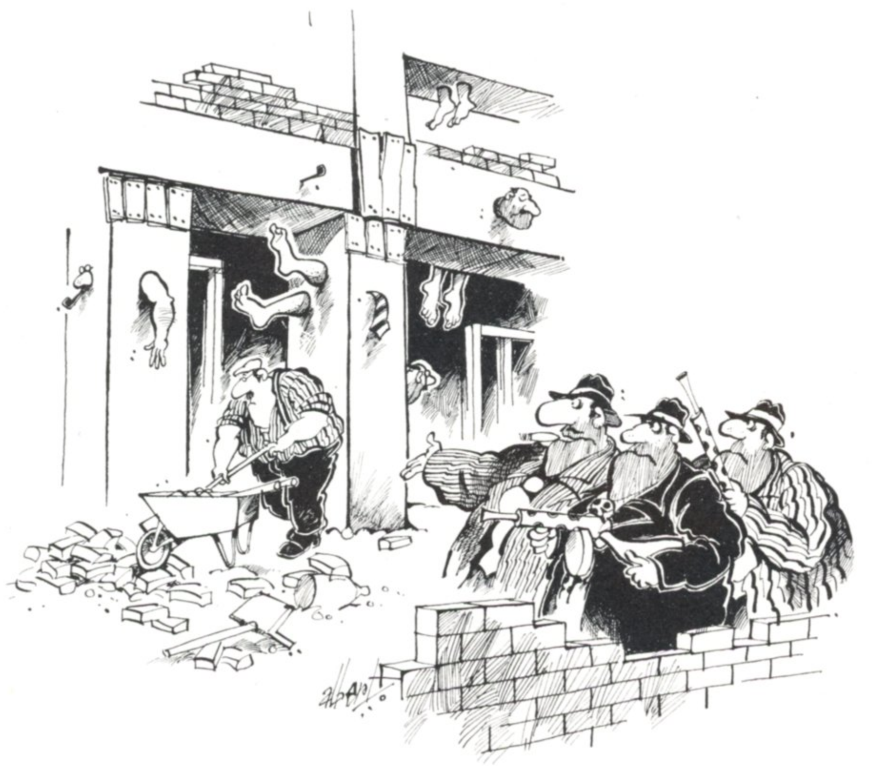
'Where can we go?' Her voice is hoarse and hot against my cheek as she asks for an answer.

'I've got a car outside? Or upstairs? Or over the road in the park? Where shall we?' Pause. No answer. She was thinking.

'It'll all be so obvious. We can't leave the party. What will people say? My husband? . . . Have you got anything?' The rejection, then the decision she wanted all the time . . .

'No. I never thought. I was only coming for an hour anyway. And the party was a bit lousy. I nearly left before I found you.'

turn to page 57



'No wonder this country's goin' to the dogs – just look at that shoddy workmanship'

THE PARTY

continued from page 52

'Oh God, and I've just stopped taking the pill this month. We can't then, can we?'

'We could always go find a place quieter than this, and more private.' I quietly took her and pulled her close to me, hand pressing her bottom to me so that she could feel what she wanted, the other gently pressing her head to my neck. I kissed her paternally on the ear, and I felt her tremble.

'Upstairs then,' she whispered. 'Just let me see where my husband is first.'

So I let her go, and busied myself at the record player as she went out of the door and I heard her run off down the passage. She came back. 'It's all right' she said, as she came to me. 'He's stretched out in the other room. I've closed the door so that he won't see.'

We leave the room, and quietly climb the stairs. Up, right to the top of the house. Four floors. Doors leading off everywhere. I open one and click on the light switch. Two beds, single, a chest of drawers. Amazing what detail you can take in. It was empty and the bed seemed to be uninhabited. I look at her, and we stand facing each other. 'Put the light out' she whispered. I thought again, as many times before, that women are always in control when it's going to be right.

And it was right. I came back to her and slowly took the first button at her neck and untied it. The others followed, and I drew the blouse round her shoulders, and down over her hips to the floor. My hands swept up and lifted her mini slip off, leaving her standing, I could guess, in brassiere and panties. I reached round and undid the bra, and she stepped out of her skirt. I drew her to the bed and gently led her down to it. Quickly I stripped off my sweater, trousers, and shoes, and knelt beside her, feeling my hands caress over her naked skin round her back. The nails tracing down the long valley in the middle.

I was beside her, stretched out alongside her as we began to lose this world. I stretched my toes involuntarily and it brought us closer together, only the pairs of brief pants stopping us being completely one.

But time. Time is always on a lover's side. To make love well is a long act. The act itself, the final worship, is a culmination. My hands caressed her body. My lips kissed Anne's lips. I moved on top of her. I took hold of her pants at each hip and pulled gently downwards, feeling her body rise to let them slide from her – and she was naked. I wrapped my arms round her, and her legs parted and I fell between them. She gasped. We kissed, long and deep and our body heat seemed to weld us together like a car engine that has overheated so the metal has melted and joined. She took my hands and pushed them roughly off, hardly waiting before she took me in her hands again and caressed me, feeling me all along my length, feeling the length and size and stimulating me until I wanted her so much that it was all I could do to stop myself coming into her. But I couldn't. She wasn't ready, and anyway there was that other problem. . . .

I kissed her lips, and let my lips caress down her neck to her breast. My front teeth gripped her nipples and she cried out. I chewed gently and her breathing started to come deeper, and faster and faster. My hands slipped lower and played in nature's own clothes astretch her lower belly and she raised to me, wanting my hands, wanting me. She was ready. I moved forward . . . I could hear footsteps on the stairs. We both jumped up. No words. We were off the bed. Light on, finding our clothes. Pulled them on. Quick brush of the hair.

'I'll go down first. Join me in the dance room.'

I opened the door and went out, down the stairs to the first landing.

'Ah. There you are,' said a blurred voice, 'we thought you had left.' It was John. Thank God it's not her husband. But it was Anne's brother. My brain worked quickly. As quickly as John's . . . 'Where's Anne?' Determined. Trouble.

'She's upstairs. She's coming down in a minute. It's all right John. Anne's all right.'

'What you mean is that you didn't actually have intercourse with her.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'll tell you, her husband's a bit worried about her, wants to know where she is, wants to go . . . Don't forget she's my sister, and I don't want her messed up.'

'O.K. John. But nothing happened, so you needn't worry. I'll see Anne . . .'

'Hi . . .' Anne was coming down the stairs, smiling. The smile didn't change as she saw her brother.

'Hullo John. We're going to dance,' Women in charge again. And with that she came on down the stairs and took my arm to move me down the remainder of the stairs.

We were back in the room. The music hadn't really changed. We had. Something had happened that had taken us to a new plateau. We were together. No, we hadn't made love, not in the legal sense, but in the emotional. . . . It had been complete. We felt that delicious exhaustion that lovers feel afterwards. She leaned against me, head resting on my shoulder, hands joined.

'I suppose you do this every party you go to?' An important question. Every woman has to ask it. Has she cheapened herself? Has she acted like a scrubber? She must be reassured.

'No, it's never happened quite like this before. It was wonderful. You were wonderful. I feel cleansed.' A sigh escaped. I rested my head against her ear.

'It's never happened like this for me either. I thought I was becoming middle-aged. Marriage seems so routine. But you make it all different. And I fancy you like mad,' she added almost as an afterthought. A pretty urgent afterthought.

'I fancy you like mad too. Can I see you again?'

'Yes' and she whispered her telephone number to me. 'Give me a ring in the morning. I want to see you again, and to make love with you properly.'

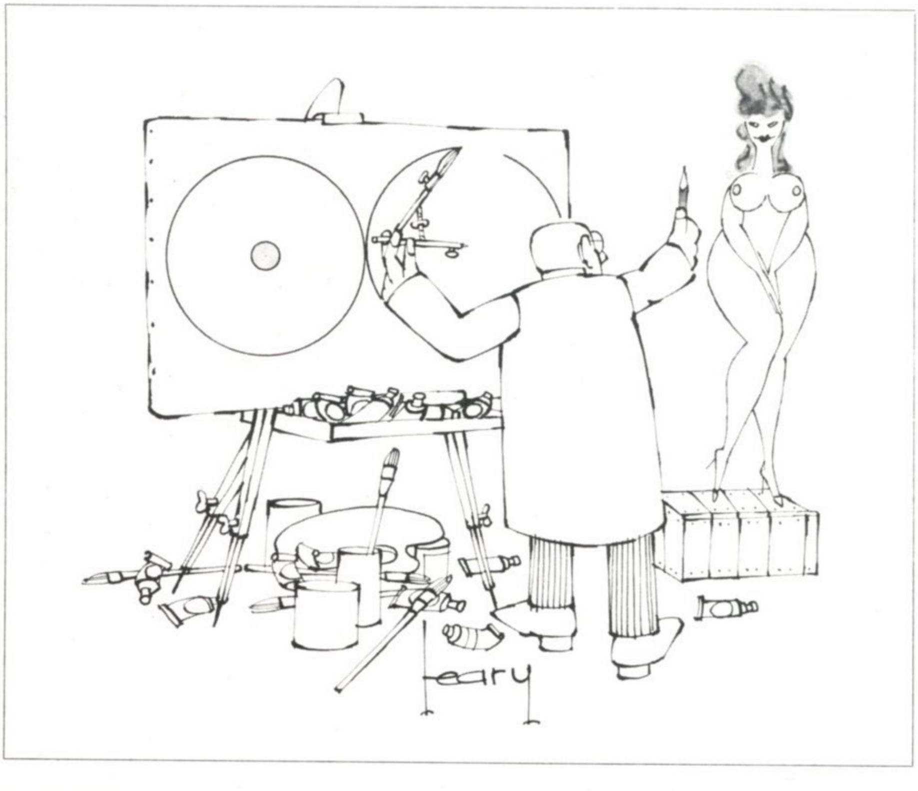
'What I can't understand is why it hasn't happened before, when you're so wonderful.'

'Well, it hasn't. That's true. (That old guilt feeling again?) I've fancied other men, but they never seemed to fancy me. If they had it would have probably happened before.'

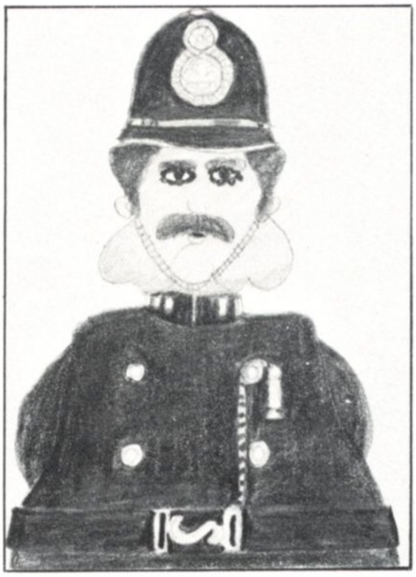
Then her husband suddenly popped his head round the door, and she left me.

'Goodbye'. It had happened and it would have happened before if she had had the chance. But the important thing was that it had happened with me.

Husbands never realise how lucky they are.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner stories

The world-weary slaves chained to the oars of the Roman galley were quite amazed in the early hours of one morning when the galley master and his guards came round unlocking each man's shackles.

When they were all free, the galley master spoke: 'Right, you lot. It's going to be a hot day so get down below and take a rest.'

The dazed oarsmen needed no second bidding. Once down below they found themselves being waited on hand and foot with fresh food and cool drinks.

While some of the oarsmen luxuriated in their new found freedom, others were suspicious.

Finally, after much discussion, a delegation was formed to approach the galley master.

'Well the idea is this,' said the galley master. 'You're all getting a good rest today to get you in good trim.'

'Yes. But why?' asked the deputation.

'Well,' said the master. 'The captain wants to go water skiing tomorrow.'

The newly married couple were having a lot of trouble controlling rats in their new house.

The young husband went down to the chemists for some rat poison.

'We don't have any, sir,' said the pretty young assistant behind the counter. 'Have you tried Boots?'

'Good grief,' replied the young man, 'I want to poison them, not kick them to death.'

Dai walked into the public bar of his Rhondda valley local, to find several dozen friends gathered around buying drinks for a Scotsman with a flat head and cauliflower ear.

He went over to the group, all pit workers and asked why a 'foreigner' was receiving such preferential treatment.

'If it weren't for that fine Scot,' explained one of his friends, 'we'd all be dead in yesterday's pit collapse.'

'How so?' asked Dai.

'Well boy it's like this,' said the friend. 'We were all down the pit when the roof began falling in. Jock over there held it up while we all scrambled to safety. That's how he came to get a flat head.'

'But how do you explain the cauliflower ear?' asked Dai.

'Ah, well, he got that when we knocked him into place with the sledgehammer.'

The brash young police constable was attending a refresher course at police training college.

After a particularly exhaustive lecture session dealing with crime detection, the tutor asked him what he would do if approached by a half naked blonde while on his beat, who claimed that she had been raped.

'Well, sir,' the constable replied. 'I'd find a quiet secluded spot.'

'Whatever for?' rasped the startled tutor.

'Well, sir, then I could reconstruct the crime.'

The executive was lying across the office couch with his well built secretary. He had just removed her bra and was in the act of fondling her large jutting breasts when his wife burst into the office.

'What's the meaning of this?' she shrieked, bursting into tears. 'Why are you making love to that woman?'

'My dear,' he replied. 'I had to do it. She was beginning to get jealous of my receptionist.'

Having retired from the Indian Army in middle age, the Colonel settled in a London flat with his faithful black servant. After some time he married and brought his rather blue-stocking bride home.

His faithful servant who had been rather uneasy about coming to live the rest of his life in a strange land was further upset by this development which he thought would threaten his own position in the household.

'Don't worry,' the Colonel assured him that night. 'Everything must go on as before, everything must be as it has always been.'

So, the first morning of his married life the Colonel arose at six as had long been his custom, to take a constitutional in the nearby park.

His faithful black servant, with the Colonel's words of the night before still ringing his his mind, entered the bedroom, pulled all the sheets from the naked bride and giving her a resounding slap on the backside, said:

'Dawn, him come. Now dolly-girl go back to naughty house.'

Overheard in a club: 'That mink does a lot for her.'

'She did a lot for that mink.'

The university lecturer was sitting in the public reference library collating facts for a forthcoming lecture on the birth and death statistics of different cultures and social groupings.

'Good Lord,' he said, turning to a stranger sitting close by. 'This is awfully interesting.'

'What is?' asked the man.

'This table of death rates. Do you know that every time I breathe, a man dies?'

'How interesting,' said the stranger. 'Why don't you try using mouthwash?'

The young man raced into the bank.

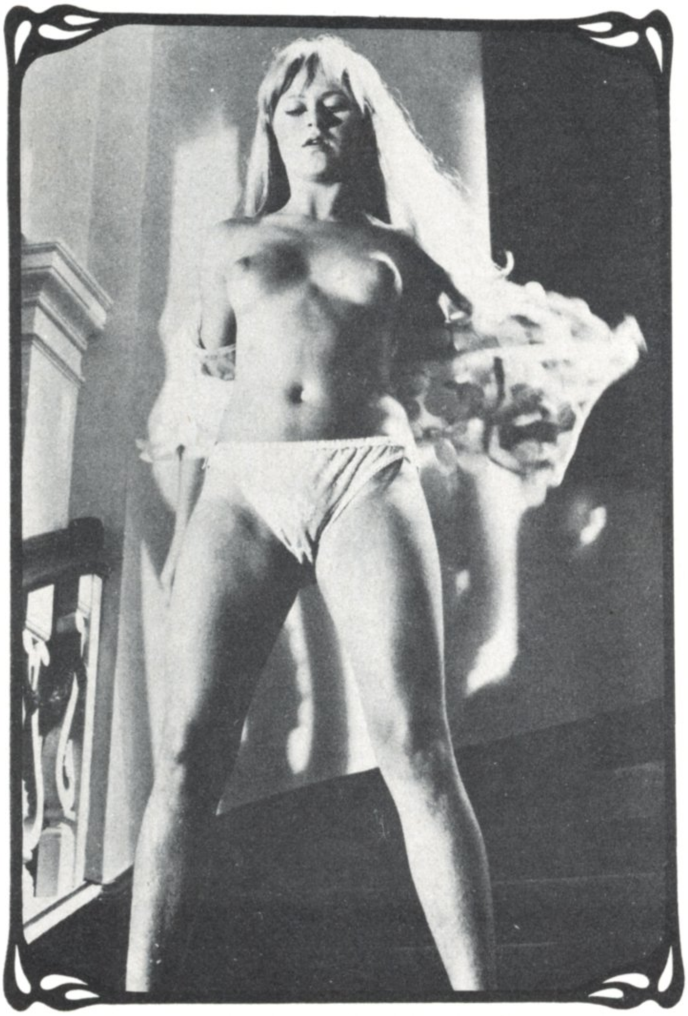
'Hand over the money,' he shouted, sticking two fingers into the cashier's face. 'This is a cock-up.'

'A cock-up?' asked the cashier. 'Don't you mean a stick-up?'

'No, indeed,' explained the young man. 'It's most certainly a cock-up. I forgot my gun.'

A certain young lady named Cleo,
Desired a hot violinist from Rio.
As she lowered her panties,
She said: 'Please, no *andantes*.
I want this done *allegro con brio*.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

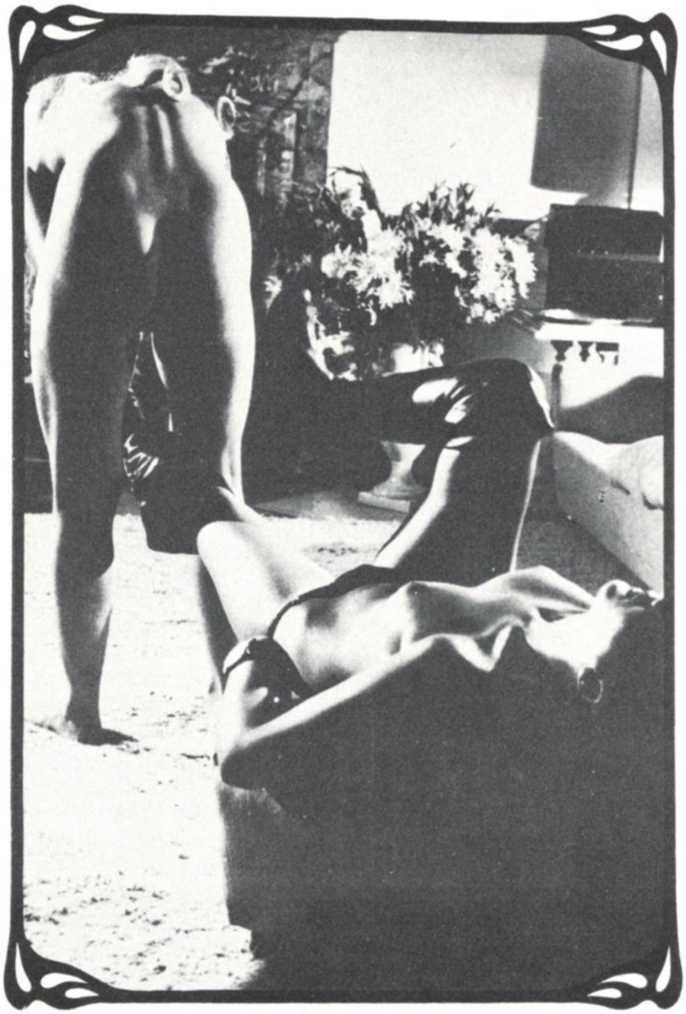


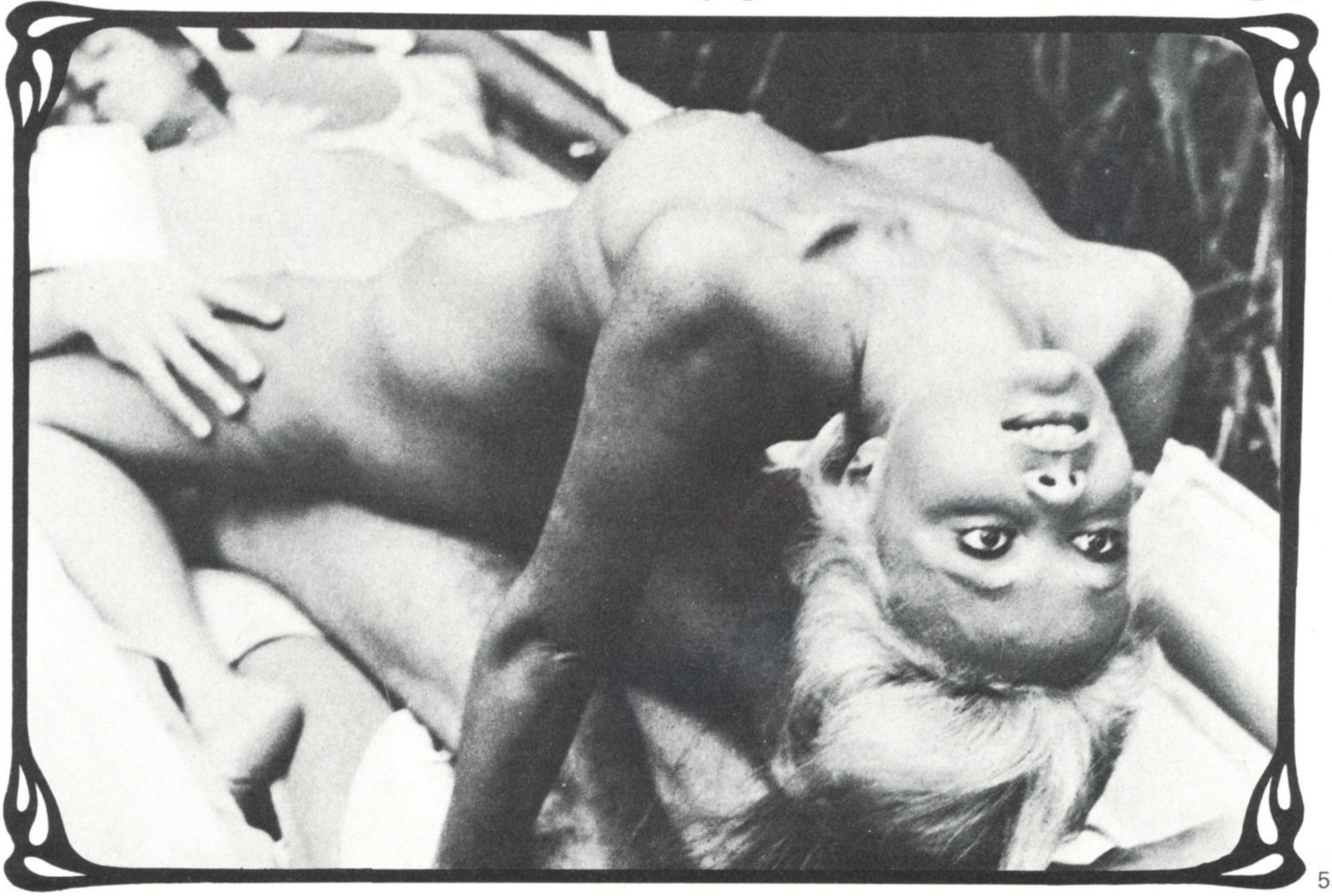
A sweet girl will do the randiest things...

Like allowing a married man to strip off her panties and making love in a dinghy / Preview of a nude German film

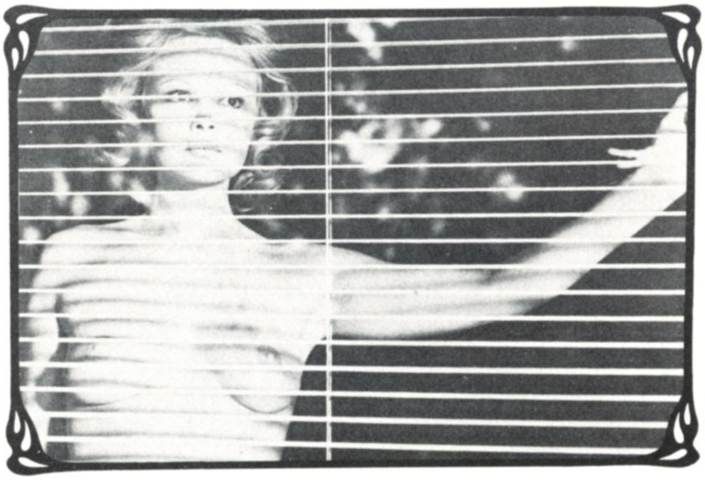
A phallic ice-lolly wouldn't melt in her mouth. She looks like the archetypal bitter-sweet girl with the quiet withdrawn expression who puzzles at double meanings in words – and she does the randiest things. Competition in the sexy film market is keen and fierce and the victory is not always to the kinkiest. Now, at a time when British film makers are holding their own against anything the continentals can erect in front of a camera, the normally gloriously unsubtle Germans have come up with a fine twist. *Dead Sexy* is the story of an outwardly unworldly girl with an intense underlying sexuality which when triggered, leads to her own death.

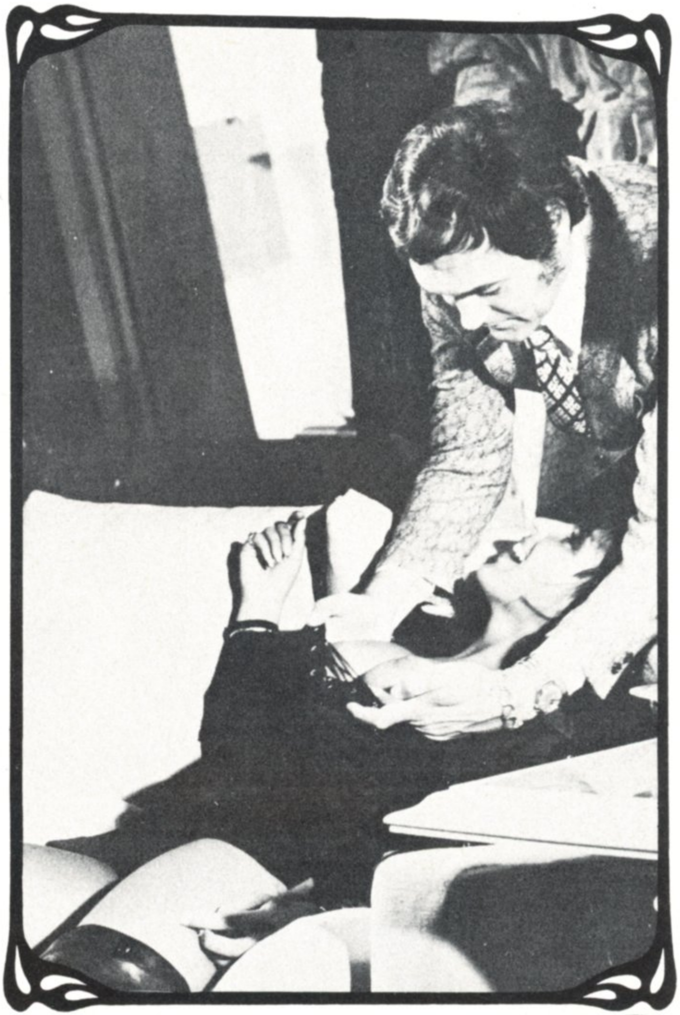
Opposite page, top left: Some girls do the sexiest things on staircases – like throwing off their clothes and leaving them for someone else to pick up. Top right: Gina (Veronique Vendell), the nice but randy girlfriend is aloof to the lowering of her panties. Bottom: Rolf (Harald Leipnitz) plays games most of the time. This page, right: Where would the film makers be without leather boots and bottoms? Below: Push-ups for sweet girl, Gina, are something else.





Unlike many such films – where everything is thrown into the pot just to see what comes out – the Germans have a definite message. The girl with the innocent eyes and outstretched thighs plots with the kept husband of a rich middle aged woman to get rid of her, but the wife keeps one step ahead and the young girl pays the price of her sexuality when the plot backfires and she becomes the murder victim. It seems there is always a moral to be drawn from the most highly immoral. There are other girls too – just to keep the action moving – another young blonde and a brunette with a penchant for thigh length leather boots and open topped dresses, who keep hubby amused while both wife and mistress are away. *Dead Sexy* is on release throughout the country by Miracle Films.





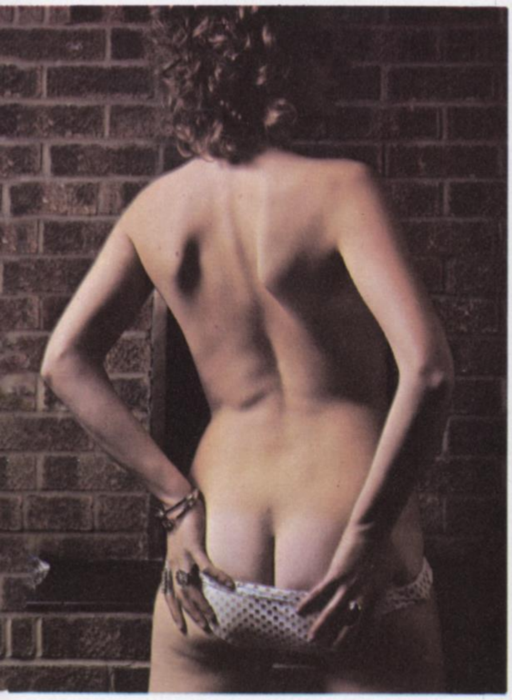
Above: As the film progresses, sweet girl, Gina waits for news of Rolf's attempts to murder his rich domineering wife. While right: Rolf had, in fact, been sidetracked from the issue and is raising points of his own. Bottom: Messing about in boats is one way of spending a dull weekend – but not if your wife's watching from the bank.

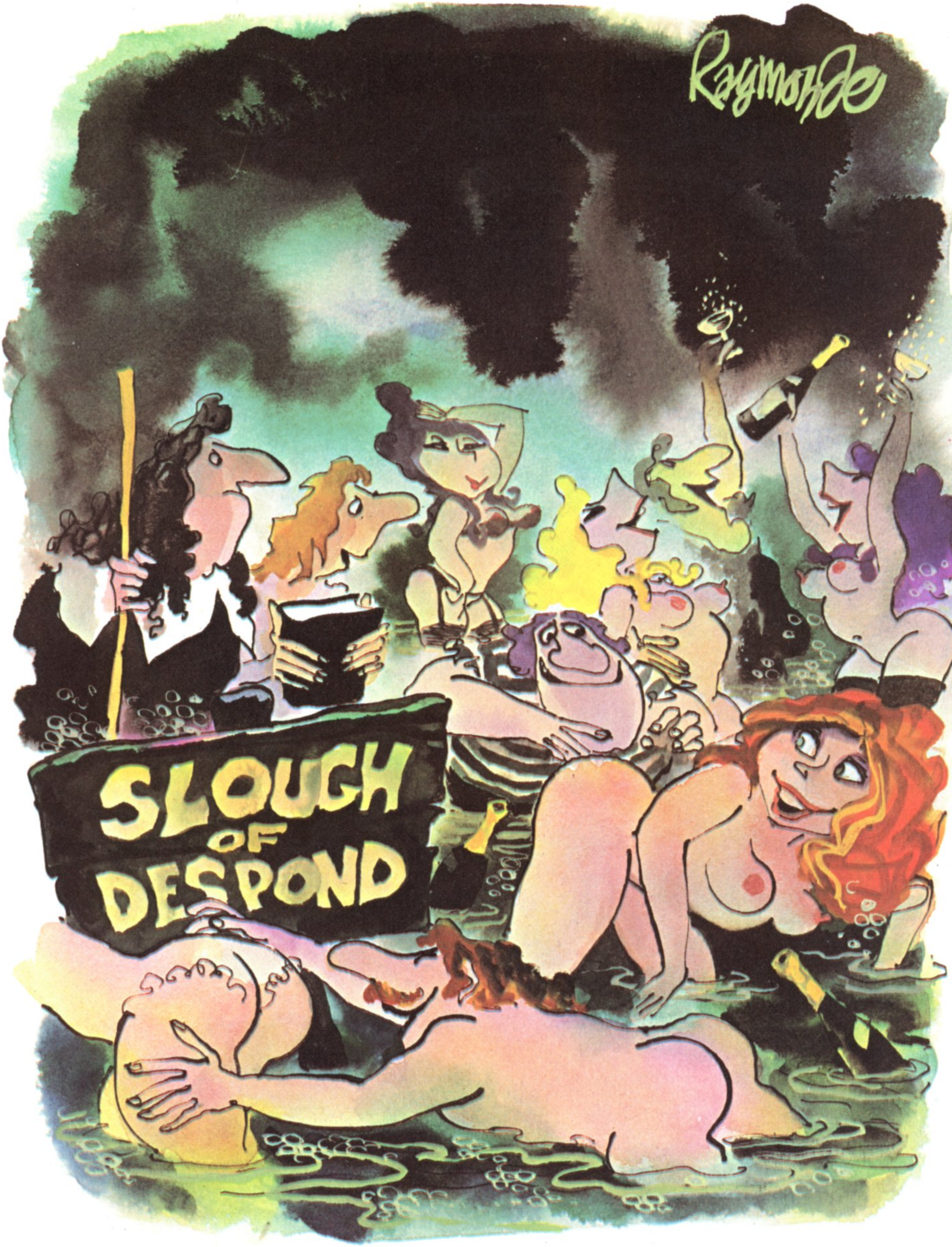
LYNDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIRAN MURPHY

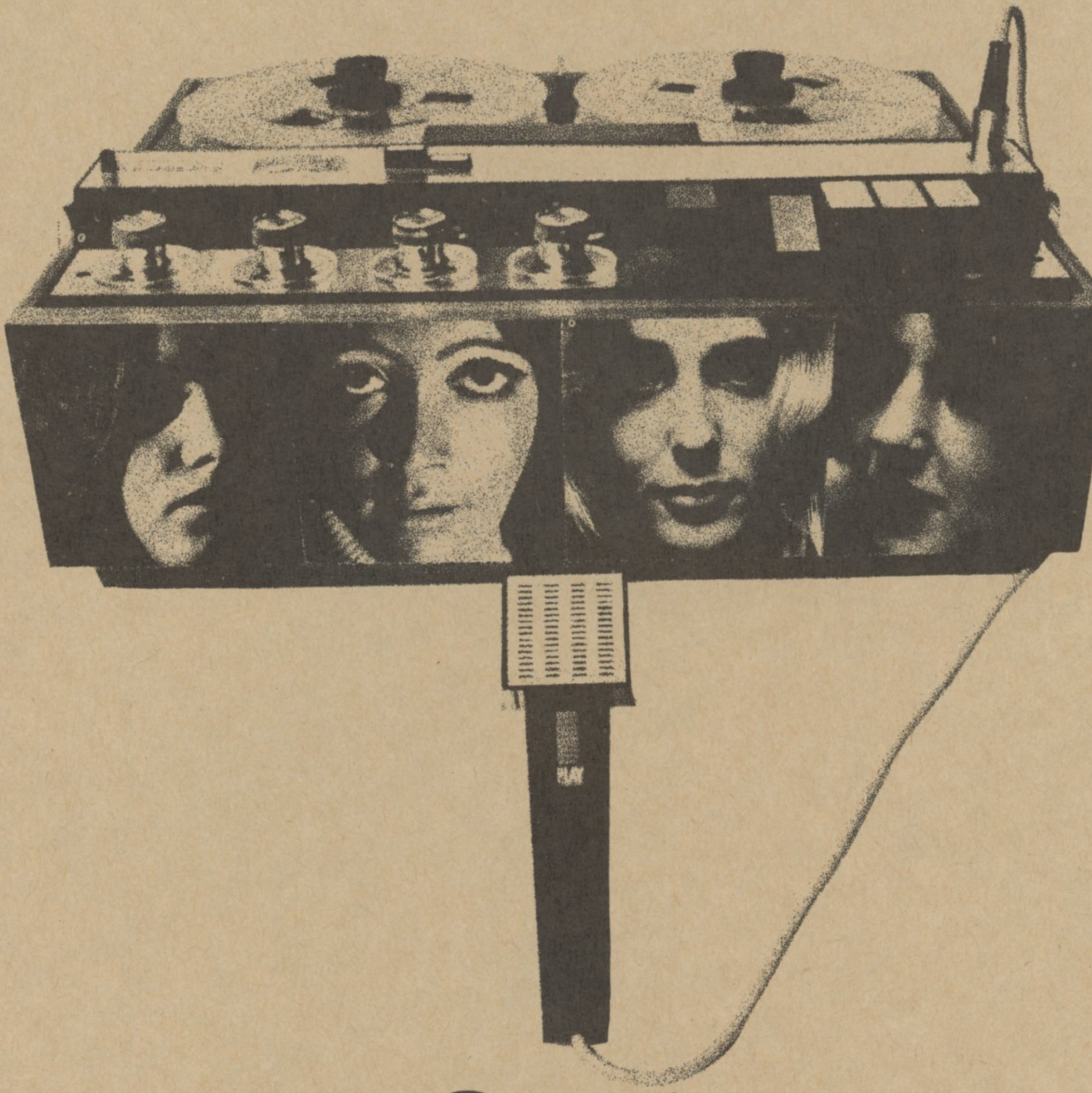
Outside the Markham Arms pub in Chelsea's Kings Road is as good a place as any to while away a Saturday lunchtime. The pavement is wide enough to stand with a pint and watch half the dollies in London walk past. It was there we first met Lyndy Jefferson. She was living just off the Kings Road and working in a boutique. What struck us most forcibly about her was her unashamed, even blatant sexuality – the way her frank wide open gaze holds your body, appraising and inviting. But girls like Lyndy who make physical approaches through their eyes get the unfair labels in life – they are too honest.

She's never worn a bra in her life, she says. Likes the freedom feel of nothing. The thin skin-tight T shirts she wears, do nothing to hide her nipples or the shape of 39-inch breasts. The rest of her is 24 and 37, tall, slim, extrovert and 19-years-old. Her directness, we found, was no brazen streak but a fine honesty. She has neither time nor temperament for involved love games. She is aware of the reasons men study her body and returns the invitation without flinching, her tongue lingering over her lips, tasting. Lyndy is aware of her power.




Raymonde
SLOUGH OF DESPOND

'They've certainly updated this place since I was here last.'



Quest

The laboratory of human response
Volume Three

This is the second part of our survey on Girls on Holiday. This month we talk to girls who took their holidays abroad. We wanted to establish whether there was any pattern of promiscuity which supports the widely-held belief that British girls on holiday are, in the main, 'easy lays'. If there was evidence of this, what then were the special factors that contributed to this situation? Most of these holidays were taken in the Mediterranean area. Was this a magic amalgam of sunshine, lapping waves and local wine that led a girl naturally to seek the ultimate pleasures of sex? These frank and uninhibited interviews throw unique light on Holiday Girls.

INTRODUCTION

This is the second part of our enquiry into the sexual conduct of girls on holiday. This time we are concerned with the activities of girls from Britain who go abroad on their holidays. Most of the girls interviewed here went to the Mediterranean. A backdrop of sun, sea and sand can also therefore be presumed for most of the experiences retold here. In pursuing the enquiry we were basically interested in the central point of whether a girl on holiday in such circumstances was more inclined to accept sexual advances than she would be in her workaday life. It is obviously a question impossible to answer in any degree of exactitude. Most holidays are for a fortnight and, as one interviewer rather superciliously remarked 'one of the happiest attributes of female knees is their inability to keep together for a fortnight at a time.'

The points we were looking for in these interviews, and which we leave largely to readers to assess, is whether girls treated holidays in a special way for sexual purposes. Did they go on holiday specifically looking for romance, sex, an affair, or whatever label you care to put on it? Did the fact that they met new people have a significant effect? Did the absence of home environment and perhaps restriction make them less inhibited? Did the local countrymen hold special sex appeal for them? Did the men they met have extra effective sexual techniques? Did a holiday drinking pattern help sublimate their reservations? These are the questions we set out to answer.

One of the great advantages of Quest is that through its anonymity we can at last find out some of the great human dramas of girls on holiday. What did happen the night Mary went midnight bathing? Was Pedro just boasting when he claimed success with the English girls? Was quiet reserved Cynthia really a push-over? We have all known speculations such as these and it is only from the difficulty of knowing the full truth that the great legends arise: 'All English girls sleep around on holiday,' 'The French are great lovers', 'No Spanish girls will', 'An Italian has to pinch your bottom or you'll think he's queer'.

The Quest survey is never wide enough to give definite answers to this sort of problem. It is certainly wide enough, though, to supply some fascinating facets of female sexual behaviour.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Fashion designer, 23 years old, ash blonde, town of origin Princes Risborough**
This interviewee, tall and classically beautiful was a fashion designer with a London firm. She had once done some fashion modelling but found it 'mind restricting'. The holiday described here was her fourth spent abroad. She lived alone in a bed-sitter flat.

Quest: Where did you go for your holiday?

Designer: I went to Elba.

Quest: Package tour?

Designer: I suppose it was really but you would not have thought so.

Quest: How do you mean?

Designer: I'd have thought it would have been a plane load of people all dumped down at one hotel. But it was nothing like that. By the time we got to our hotel there were only three people from the plane load left.

Quest: And this was a good thing?

Designer: In my case, yes.

Quest: Could you perhaps tell me why?

Designer: I'd been overworking and a bit over-wrought, I suppose. I wanted to get away from it and one lunch time I just walked into this travel agent and they sold me Elba. I'd intended going to Devon.

Quest: Were you escaping an unhappy romance?

Designer: Not at all. If anything the reverse. I'd been working so hard I'd hardly had any time for boy friends and I didn't seem to be able to find a regular nice guy. All the boys I met wanted to be one night standers. Hello, I'm talking too much.

Quest: No you're not. Remember your anonymity is guaranteed. What do you mean one-night standers?

Designer: I'm sure you know. I'd meet a man at a party and he'd ask straight away how far away I lived. If it wasn't too far he'd latch on to me for the evening and hope I agree to make love when he ran me home.

Quest: And would you?

Designer: Not likely. When one guy asked me how far away I lived I said Cambridge. He was very taken aback. So I said 'What's wrong. Is it too far to go for a quick poke'. I've never spoken like that before but it certainly shook him. He grinned sheepishly and made a beeline for a really draggy blonde lounging in the doorway. Sorry, I've got off the subject.

Quest: Not at all. But were you pleased to discover there were only three of you going to this hotel?

Designer: Not really. And remember the other two were a pair of very definitely spinster ladies.

Quest: I begin to warm to you. I like your phraseology.

Designer: Thank you.

Quest: So you weren't going in order to find men?

Designer: No indeed. Sun and sand, I think. But as often happens in those circumstances it comes and finds you.

Quest: Tell me more.

Designer: Do you like Terence Rattigan? He's not everyone's choice.

Quest: Yes, I do as a matter of fact.

Designer: Well, do you recall those very dated sets that rep companies sometimes use? French windows leading to white-washed walls. Painted bougainvillaeas, and that blue, blue sky beyond. Then suddenly from the silence comes a very English voice saying something like 'Anyone for tennis'. Do you know what I mean?

Quest: Yes, I think I do. Is that what happened?

Designer: Even better. Three English spinsters dumped in front of a rather old and crumbling hotel but all entranced by the eucalyptus trees, I think they were, and the blue sky beyond. Then suddenly from the trees came this beautiful English voice. 'I say, isn't there some more English crumpet coming today?' I nearly collapsed. The two old dears positively drooped, especially when this prize example of English public school manhood walked out of the trees. I must say he had the grace to say 'I'm awfully sorry,' but I was in absolute stitches.

Quest: And this was to be the holiday romance?

Designer: Yes, how crazy can you get?

Quest: What changed it all?

Designer: I changed I suppose. In my attitude to Tony, that was his name. What I liked about him was that after his clanger he realised at once that the two sisters, that's what they were, were the ones most affected by his remarks. So he went up to them and said 'You mustn't mind my little ways, it's only fun and its holiday time. Let me help you with your bags.' I thought that very kind. Then in the evening he went over to their table and said they really must try this certain local wine he was sure they would like. Poor dears, they drank it solidly throughout the holiday after that. Got a bit high too. I'm sure it was the holiday of their lives. Here I go again talking too much . . .

Quest: How did your romance with Tony develop?

Designer: Nicely thank you. This hotel had a lovely old dining room overlooking the sea with small tables. They gave me a table to myself. I saw that Tony was sitting alone too. At the end of the meal he came over to me and said something like 'Do you prefer to eat alone? If not would you care to join me? Just for someone to talk to. No strings.' It seemed very friendly and I said yes. I said nothing more but next morning his things had been laid at my table and I got some knowing looks from the staff.

Quest: And from then on he chatted you up?

Designer: Not really, no. The friendship gradually blossomed. Most of the hotel used the private beach so we met naturally. It just grew. Besides which there wasn't much opposition. Just a gaggle of German girls with the most obvious sex appeal. Tony said, most seriously, that they were pros on holiday from the Reeperbahn. They made huge eyes at Tony but he ignored them. I suppose that is what reassured me about him.

Quest: In what way?

Designer: That he just wasn't out for the quick lay?

Quest: May I digress for a moment. You are not a virgin?

Designer: No.

Quest: What is your view of sex and single girls?

Designer: OK as far as I'm concerned. As long as you don't get pregnant. And for me personally I need to know a man for some time before I want to make love to him.

Quest: And in this case?

Designer: In the first week it didn't arise. I mean a bit of cuddle in the disco and a bit of bottom patting on the beach but nothing to blush about.

Quest: But the second week?

Designer: Plenty to blush about.

Quest: Tell me more.

Designer: I expect you'll find it sexy enough even in these permissive days. About a mile from the hotel was this old ruin of a castle or big house on a hill. The whole place was absolutely deserted. We were told at the hotel that we ought to go and see it. So one afternoon we did.

Quest: You and Tony?

Designer: Yes. It turned out to be further than I thought. We hadn't bothered about special clothes. I was wearing a bikini with an additional shirt top and sandals. Tony was wearing swimming trunks, shirt, and sandals. Part of the way was a narrow path with tall grass either side. We had to go single file. I went in front. It was then that Tony said what I realised was the first sexual compliment he'd paid me the whole holiday.

Quest: What was that?

Designer: He said that I had the most rapeable bottom he had ever seen.

Quest: And how did you respond?

Designer: I said something silly like 'Thank you kind sir.'

Quest: And do you think you have a sexy bottom?

Designer: I've never thought about it. But not really. It's too big.

Quest: So you went to the castle?

Designer: Yet. It was mostly in ruins but it was gorgeous. It was buzzing with crickets and it smelt of this wild sage. It was heavenly. We were leaning over this waist high wall looking back down at the way we'd come. We could see for miles. Tony was behind me with his arms, I suppose, on my shoulders or somewhere when I became aware of him.

Quest: Aware of him?

Designer: Of his hardness. Against me. Against my bottom.

Quest: And what did you do?

Designer: Nothing. I was still looking down at the scene below us but I was very aware of him. Then his fingers very lightly came round the front to my tummy and sort of tucked in the top of my bikini bottom. I remember feeling a bit surprised. He hadn't made any blatant thing like this before. His hand waited a few seconds and

FREE MAGAZINE OFFER

Yes, it's true. Buy one copy of each of the remaining numbers of King magazine and you get one back issue of Mayfair ABSOLUTELY FREE. Eight feature-packed issues of King remain, fresh as the day they were printed. But hurry – stocks are dwindling. Fill in the form *now*

To Miss Pat Asquith, King Back Numbers Offer, Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2

Please send me the following back numbers of King Magazine:
(Ring the issues you want)
1965: August, October; 1966: August; 1967: February, March, April, May, July
EACH COPY COSTS 50p. I enclose cheque/postal order for..............

I wish to take advantage of your FREE MAGAZINE offer. I enclose cheque/postal order for £4 for all eight copies of King. Please send me as a FREE bonus the following copy of Mayfair which I have chosen from the back numbers list on page 17.
Vol.............. No..............
Name.............................. Adress..............................
....
Date.............................. M67

If you do not wish to cut your magazine please send your order on plain paper

then it quickly wriggled, that's the only word for it, down the front of my bikini. I said 'No, Tony' or something like that but he just said 'sshhhhh' and after a few minutes I didn't care anyway. He had very gentle fingers and he knew just what to do. Then he slipped his hand out and I felt a bit disappointed but then the next thing I knew he was tugging my bikini bottom down. I said 'No, really Tony' but before I knew where it was it was round my ankles and Tony was grinning. 'Magnificent' he said. I can remember it so well. 'How about you then,' I said, because I could see what effect I had on him. I dived for his trunks and I felt rather foolish because he made no move to stop me. It was a bit difficult because there we both were with our trunks round our ankles just looking at each other. But we weren't laughing any more. Tony gave a sort of growl and grabbed me round the waist. We just fell to the ground and rolled over and over. It must have been like one of those Italian passion films. He pinned me to the ground by the shoulders and was over me on all fours. I could feel him between my legs and I've never wanted anybody so much. I just wrapped my legs round him and surrendered. It was great. When it was all finished it didn't end there. We got up and looked over the wall and Tony was behind me as he had been before. It felt very funny. Anyone looking up would have seen two fully-dressed tourists looking down, but below the waist we were naked. As we were leaning there I felt Tony's penis come up between my legs again and I stroked him at the front. I just turned round and faced him and we did it again up against the wall. What a way to spend the afternoon!

Quest: And for the rest of the holiday?

Designer: We did it in my bedroom mainly. We both had single bedrooms but mine was better and more remote from the other rooms. We didn't do it every night and we only slept together once. To be really honest, and this is baring my soul, I snore and I didn't think it very consistent with the high passion holiday we were having.

Quest: And did you see Tony after the holiday?

Designer: I'm not sure what I should tell you about that. There's a complication there. Tony told me before the end of the holiday. He was engaged to someone else.

TABLES (*results in percentages*)

Question One (*to single girls*)

If you are going abroad for a summer holiday do you consider these as vital ingredients?

	Yes	No	Don't Know
Sunshine	95	5	0
Sea	45	25	30
Good hotel	40	35	25
Unattached men	50	40	10
Romantic attachment	55	20	25

Question Two

(*To girls who had been on foreign holidays either alone or with girl friends*)

In any of your holidays abroad have you ever gone the whole holiday without:

	Yes	No	Don't Know
(a) meeting a man you really liked?	85	10	5
(b) a man 'chatting you up'	45	35	20
(c) experiencing a sexual advance	35	55	10
(d) experiencing sexual intercourse	80	10	10

Question Three

If you met an attractive man on holiday, and there were no complications, would you be prepared to have sex with him?

Yes 60; No 25; Don't Know 15

Question Four

Have you ever, on a holiday abroad, had sex with a man you had not previously met?

Yes 30; No 45; Don't Know 25

Question Five

If you found him sufficiently attractive, would you be prepared to have sex with a member of the staff of the hotel you were staying at?

Yes 25; No 35; Don't Know 40

Question Six

On holiday abroad, have you ever had sex with a native of the country you were visiting?

Yes 15; No 65; Don't Know 20

Question Seven

How do you think British girls are regarded by foreign men?

	Yes	No	Don't Know
(a) Attractive?	85	0	15
(b) Sexy?	45	35	20
(c) Permissive?	40	30	30
(d) Promiscuous?	35	45	20
(e) Easy lays?	10	80	10

I know he still wants to see me. He phones me a lot and if he wants me to be his London girl that's OK by me. I don't want to marry yet and you'd go a long way to find a more satisfying lover than Tony. Wouldn't he be flattered if you print that and he recognises himself! You promise to change the name won't you.

Quest: We promise.

Two **Clerk, 19 years old, brunette, town of origin Peterborough**

This interviewee was a filing clerk with a large company. It was her third job since leaving school. The holiday described here was her second spent abroad. She lived at home with her parents and younger sister.

Quest: You went on holiday with your mother?

Clerk: Yes, and my little sister.

Quest: How old is she?

Clerk: Thirteen.

Quest: And your father?

Clerk: He's away on the ships. Sometimes he can come with us but this time he couldn't.

Quest: And while you were on holiday you had this affair?

Clerk: Not affair, romance, please.

Quest: With Pedro, who was one of the waiters in your hotel?

Clerk: Yes.

Quest: Will you describe Pedro for me?

Clerk: He was lovely. Quite small and dark but very cheerful and chirpy. A big smile and good fun. Not like a film star at all.

Quest: How did you first meet him?

Clerk: In the first week of our holiday he served at the next group of tables to us. He was always cheerful and smiling and he used to say things to my sister.

Quest: What sort of things?

Clerk: He told her spaghetti grew on trees and things like that. He was always teasing her. It made me a bit jealous. Then in the second week he served at our table. And it was then that it started.

Quest: What was that?

Clerk: It was after he'd finished serving us one evening and he'd come to our table and my mother asked him something. He sort of bent forward to talk to her and he put his other hand on my back. It wasn't that. It was just that his finger then went down my backbone. It was very sexy. It made me shudder. Then, when he was behind my mother, he winked at me. He'd never done anything like that before. It put me all of tiz.

Quest: Then what happened?

Clerk: It was marvellous really. He was so smooth. He sort of bowed to my mother and said could he ask a great favour. Could he take me to a little disco round the bay for a special Spanish evening they were having. My mother was pleased really because she'd been feeling a bit guilty that with her and a young sister I hadn't been asked out much. You know, chatted up, or anything. I think she'd have liked to have come, too, but she didn't like to ask him. She just said I had to be back by one (it was late before we started dinner) and Pedro said he promised he would get me back by then. He did too, but good job mum didn't know I wasn't wearing my knickers by then.

Quest: Tell me more.

Clerk: He was very sweet really. He held my hand and we walked round to the bay. It was two of his friends with chambermaids from the hotel and me and him. Nothing special. But he danced very sexily. I was only wearing a very thin dress . . .

Quest: Only?

Clerk: With bra and pants, of course.

Quest: Sorry, go on.

Clerk: And he was dancing very close and I could feel him, you know, hard against me. It made me feel quite sexy specially as no one had taken much notice of me on the beach even in my yellow bikini that we all thought would be too daring . . .

Quest: And how was he dancing?

Clerk: Well smooching really. His arms were round me and his face against mine. That was the trouble. I could smell the garlic. I thought it terrible but after a time I didn't mind so much. Anyway with his hands and things.

Quest: What things?

Clerk: He was doing this thing down my backbone. He must have guessed what I'm like when anyone does that. And he was moving his hand round in circles on my bottom and things like that.

Quest: And did he make any other suggestions, or suggest you go off or anything?

Clerk: No. We were enjoying the evening. And I think he liked his friends to see us. It was me who said we had to go home. It was half past twelve.

Quest: And he agreed?

Clerk: Oh yes. They all got up and bowed, the other two boys, and we went off. And then on the way home we passed this little wall and Pedro sort of led me behind it. I was a bit hesitant but I thought we would have a bit of a session so we could go straight back in the hotel when we got there.

Quest: And what happened?

Clerk: We began to neck against the wall and then he pulled me down to the ground. He was putting a hand up my skirt and I was going to stop him, and it was funny really.

Quest: What was?

Clerk: Well I kept turning my head away when he kissed me because of the garlic and when he put his hand up my skirt I thought I'd better not stop him or else he would think I didn't really like him. I couldn't really explain that I didn't want to kiss him only because of the garlic could I?

Quest: I suppose not. So instead you let him put his hand up your skirt.

Clerk: That was only the start. He got his fingers inside my pants and began to work me up. It was still a hot evening so I suppose it didn't take much doing. He kept putting his finger down the crack of my bottom rather like he did down my back. He made me wriggle.

Quest: And I doubt if that helped things.

Clerk: No, we went a bit mad I suppose. Anyway he got my pants down. He wanted to make love but I was scared and told him no, we had to be going to get back in time.

Quest: And did he agree to take you back?

Clerk: Oh yes. Except he put my pants in his pocket and said he'd give them back tomorrow night if I was a good girl.

Quest: And you didn't object?

Clerk: Oh no. I thought it a good way to make sure I saw him the next night.

Quest: And did you?

Clerk: Yes, I did.

Quest: What happened then?

Clerk: It was lucky really. My sister had palled up with another girl and her mum and my mum were all going to have coffee together. I said I was going to window shop with the girls I'd been on the beach with earlier but I met Pedro instead. We just went for a little walk and then we began necking again. I had to laugh because he'd been chewing this gum I think to kill off the garlic. Anyway I began to like him a lot. He kept on holding my head in his hands and looking at me very tenderly. He was very sweet.

Quest: And what did he do?

Clerk: He unzipped my dress at the back and then pulled it off my shoulders. Then he unclipped my bra and began nuzzling me. I was pleased really because he hadn't touched my breasts before. I'm not very big there. I could feel my nipples getting lovely and big and then his other hand was doing that thing again with my back. I began to make little noises and then his hands were in my pants again. He took them straight off. He soon had me squirming with his fingers and my dress was all bunched round my middle and he began kissing me everywhere all over. No boy had ever done that before.

Quest: And then?

Clerk: He undid his front and wanted to make love. I was a bit frightened and told him I was a virgin.

Quest: And you weren't?

Clerk: I don't think so. I'd done it twice with boys but not right the way in.

Quest: And how did he respond?

Clerk: He said he would be very gentle and I knew he would. And so we began kissing all over again and he had me absolutely moaning and I really wanted him. He was a bit big and I was scared but when I felt him coming into me. Whoosh. He was very slow and it was like a torture. It was gorgeous. I could hardly keep still. Then he began moving and I was a gonner. He could have done anything to me. I didn't care at all. It was lucky really he was so experienced. He pulled out before anything happened so that it was all right. I was very silly really, I was crying and laughing and saying I didn't want to go back to the hotel I wanted to sleep all night with him. He had to put my bra and pants back on, I was as bad as that. Even when we got back it was easy to see what we'd been doing but luckily my mother was in bed.

Quest: And did you go out with Pedro again?

Clerk: Yes, twice. There wasn't much time really. It was our second week and we'd booked to go to a night club on one evening.

Quest: Did you make love again?

Clerk: Yes. Pedro had got hold of some

contraceptives but it wasn't as good as the first time.

Quest: Have you seen Pedro since the holiday?

Clerk: I knew you were going to ask that. No, but we have written although his English is very bad and he's coming to England to be a waiter. But there won't be anything else. I've got this English boy friend now who's a student and we've been going steady for some time. Pedro knows that.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Carlisle**

This interviewee was a secretary in a medium sized printers. She had been trained at a secretarial college after leaving school. She considered herself 'modern thinking' and she shared a flat with one other girl.

Quest: What do you most remember about your holiday?

Secretary: Oh the sea and the swimming and things.

Quest: Not the boys?

Secretary: Well the boys were swimming too, of course.

Quest: Did you meet one particular boy when you were on holiday?

Secretary: In a way, yes.

Quest: In what way?

Secretary: In the usual way, I suppose. Good old sex.

Quest: Will you tell me about him?

Secretary: If you like. He was big and sunburnt and quite good looking.

Quest: How did you meet him?

Secretary: On the beach. He was staying at the next hotel to us. We were lying on the beach and these four boys were near us and they began playing with a ball. It fell on me. I expect they intended it. We all got talking and we joined in with them. They were all keen swimmers and they taught me to water ski. I only had two goes because it was so expensive but it was a bit of a laugh. Then we all used to go midnight bathing. I'd never done that before. Do you know about this fabulous fluorescence you get in the water at night? It's unbelievable. As you splash your arm in the water it's like drops of fire. And the water was so warm. I've never known anything like it. Johnny, that was his name, was a marvellous swimmer. He'd dive down and then come shooting up to the surface. When he shot out of the water it was like a firework display. It was a marvellous holiday. We had a great time.

Quest: And how about your boyfriend, was he marvellous too?

Secretary: Yes he was. I was very proud of him. He was so muscular. All the girls used to look at him.

Quest: And sexually?

Secretary: Smashing. We used to be playing about in the water and he'd come up behind me and I'd feel these great hands round my bosom. Sometimes he'd dive between my legs and as he went under he'd touch me with his fingers. He said he was an eel. He kept on talking about how sex in the sea was the most marvellous thing. He said you couldn't get pregnant that way. He really kept on about it.

Quest: How about sex on dry land. Did he make love to you?

Secretary: Not at first. We used to romp about on the bed in his room and he sometimes had all my clothes off but he used to say he didn't feel like it and he wouldn't let me touch him. Then he'd talk about the sea again and doing it in the sea. Anyway, this went on but one day I wore my bikini with the tie up sides. That really sent him. We were on the small beach in a little bay. There were still plenty of people about but it wasn't all that crowded. I was reading a book but Johnny kept on about coming into the sea. Eventually I did and we were swimming and splashing about. He got hold of me and then I felt his fingers undoing my bikini. I wriggled and tried to get away and then I said 'But someone will see'. But Johnny said they wouldn't. I was sure they would in that clear water so I came out of the water. Johnny was very cross so I said to him 'Don't worry we'll have a midnight swim.' He looked at me and said 'I'll hold you to that.' So that evening we all spent the evening in a small cafe near the beach and then got changed and went down when it got dark to the sea. It was still very warm. When we got into the water I felt a bit scared but I could feel Johnny against me and he reassured me. He undid my bikini bottom and then he took off his trunks. Then he nearly gave me a fit – he threw them both on to the beach. I could have killed him. I hammered on his chest but he just laughed and grabbed me, but as soon as he got hold of me I could feel he was all different. He kissed me so passionately that we both fell over and went under. When we came up again I could feel that he was getting very excited and his hands were pulling at my bottom. Then he put his hands underneath me and made a sort of seat that I sat on. He told me to lean back and as I did my legs floated up through the water on either side of him. He was very hard and rather brutal because it wasn't easy but I helped him all I could by spreading my legs as wide as possible, and suddenly he was there. It was the strangest feeling not like anything else I'd ever done before.

Quest: And you've done quite a lot before?

Secretary: Don't put it like that. My mother suggested I went on the pill at 18 and I suppose I've had quite a lot of boys but nothing kinky or way out or anything.

Quest: And after this interlude in the sea?

Secretary: We all sat around on the beach under towels and drank a lot of this Spanish champagne. I got very tiddly. It must have been about two o'clock when we got back to our rooms.

Quest: What were the arrangements with the rooms?

Secretary: Johnny was coming back with me to my room. It was on the ground floor and I could get in without going through the main entrance. My friend who was sharing it with me was sometimes there but not this evening. Her boyfriend was in this other hotel.

Quest: And she was spending the night with him?

Secretary: I suppose so. We didn't say anything. But she didn't come back with us.

Quest: So you and Johnny went back to your room?

Secretary: Yes. Johnny was in a very good mood and I was a bit giggly. When we got back in the room we were talking about doing it in the sea and I said it made me sore because it was not very slippery and then Johnny grabbed hold of this bottle of sun-tan oil that was on the bedside table and began to rub it on me. I'd got my bikini on again but he quickly got that off and then he rubbed me all over. Absolutely all over. Then when I was covered he started grabbing hold of me and I was slipping out of his hands and I could see he was getting aroused. I was pleased really because he didn't often get like that inside so I suppose I put it on a bit and I was a bit tiddly.

Quest: How did you put it on a bit?

Secretary: When I fell on the bed I pushed my bottom up in the air and then when he turned me over I got my legs round his neck. I think he found that with me all slippery it was very sexy. Then suddenly he said something like 'I'll make you sore all right!' and he just grabbed my legs and pinned them down as far apart as he could on either side of me and he gave me stick. It was like a broomstick. I thought it would never stop. It was like once when I was punished by my father. I just thought I couldn't bear it any longer. When he'd finished I just lay on my bed and sobbed silently. But then Johnny said he was sorry and it was all right again. Anyway we made love again in the sea next night and several times after that.

Quest: Did you see Johnny after the holiday?

Secretary: No. We said goodbye at the airport and that was that. I didn't expect anything else.

Quest: Thank you.

SURVEY SUMMARY

The impression we gained from these interviews was that the male approach when it came was welcomed as almost an inevitability. In interview one perhaps it was the lack of opposition which contributed to it. It was natural for this man and this girl to spend some time together. They had an affinity of background and temperament. Interesting thought that the German girls with the bedroom eyes were hardly considered as opposition. Presumably the man had not given an impression of needing sex on any terms. Perhaps too, and this may be fanciful, there was a certain holiday symbolism of freedom in the girl losing her pants in a castle overlooking the world. Who knows what influence the smell of sage and the sunshine had on a girl who it seemed had some difficulty in forming easy relationships? She certainly appeared to have blossomed under the influence of this one. At the end we have the surprising revelation that the man was engaged to someone else. What this relationship meant is impossible to speculate. Did the man refrain from sexual advances in the early stages of the holiday because of this? Did perhaps the environment have the same effect on him. Either way there was a strong sexual element in the holiday, and the girl, at least, appeared to have no regrets.

In interview two we found the instance of an English girl involved with a local man (although he was not in fact a native of that area). In this interview we felt there was a strong current of what we have so often found in Quest interviewing on all subjects – the lonely girl and the opportune man. There seemed little doubt that this girl holidaying with a mother and a younger sister was cramped in her style. Perhaps the waiter realised all this and therefore gauged that his actions would not be rebuffed. Certainly the wink seems to indicate that he was consciously putting on the right attitude to impress the mother. In the social evening they spent together there seemed to be also an important point – that the locals were proud to be seen with an English girl. It is unfortunately not possible to deduce whether this was because they assess her attractiveness highly or because the boy friends would assume that as she was English she would permit sexual intercourse. Fairly predictably the boy when alone with the girl tried to make love to her. On the second outing he succeeded. Although lots of Englishmen reading this Quest may recall incidents in their own experience where they have made love to a girl friend on their second meeting, it is easy to imagine how Pedro could happily boast of his conquest in the kitchens and how other waiters serving reasonably attractive English girls would then make a play for them; how in turn the English girls would think of 'sexy' foreigners and how further successes would strengthen the legend. Is this how the stories of English girls on holiday being easy lays, got about? Is it that in Britain today most girls are fairly easy lays but once abroad it notices more because the local boys cannot expect such swift favours from their own girl friends.

In the final interview we have a girl who admitted to sleeping around quite a bit. In a very open and honest way, let us at once say. For a girl so honest and sexually adept, it was surprisingly difficult to get descriptive details from her. The idea of having sex in the water may be a captivating thought for some men or girls. Certainly it seemed to dominate the man in this account, and in spite of his physique he appears to have had a number of hang-ups – although a possible alternative explanation is that he was only marginally interested in this girl and was only willing to use her for some form of sexual experiment. Either way, the girl's chief memory of the holiday was of an interesting new form of sex. This interview, too, is one in which wine or champagne played a large part. But we found it extremely interesting that although the girl herself volunteered the information that she was 'tiddly' the first sex act took place before the drinking began.

The most valuable deduction for most men in this Quest survey seems to be that a girl is willing to accept sex as an almost inevitable concomitant of a sunshine holiday. The approaches may be subtle or blatant, it is later conduct that counts.

Quest

why you need to have it all

No man can ever regard girls in quite the same light since Quest began probing deeply into some of the most vital factors concerned in the erotic response of individual women. Back numbers of Mayfair containing Quest are now running low, some are no longer available. If you are missing any issues you must act now.

Surveys to date:

Vol. 3 No. 11 Sex at first meeting 45p; Vol. 4 Nos.: 3 Petting One 38p; 5 Petting Three 38p; 6 Petting Four 38p; 7 Stockings 38p; 8 Breast Fixation 38p; 11 Girls' erotic signals 38p; 12 Getting to know girls 50p; Vol. 5 Nos.: 2 The erotic virgins 38p; 3 Girls with large breasts 38p; 4 Girls' bottoms 38p; 5 Girls' secret nudity 38p; 6 What girls think of permissive pictures 38p; 7 Which men girls prefer 38p; 8 Bedroom manners 38p; 9 Girls who give themselves 38p; 10 What really turns girls on 38p; 11 Men who have it made 38p; 12 Girls who surrender to strangers 50p; Vol. 6 Nos.: 1 Girls at Parties 38p; 2 Girls in Offices 38p; 3 Girls in Shops 38p; 4 Girls in Hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in Hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on Holiday part one 38p.

Please send me the following back numbers of Mayfair: ....

I enclose cheque/postal order for ....

Name ....
Address ....

Date M67

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, send your order on plain paper

Grants don't buy Bentleys. The chances are that the first ever second-hand car buyer was a student. When your living on the bread line, but greedy for wheels, what do you buy? There's a long tradition of utility cars on campus. Now motoring expert WB surveys college bangers from sloppy jalopy to diminutive mini

Tighten your belts.
Pull in your feet.
College here we come!
MINI-MINOR
LGH 793D

Student cars? Originally one didn't associate the motor-car with the student. A down-at-heel pair of leaky shoes, and perhaps an aged bicycle, was more likely. Unless, of course, you count undergraduates as students. At Oxford and Cambridge they were allowed cars only in their later years – first-year undergrads therefore had to hide their vehicles in outback garages and sheds and used them in contant fear of having them confiscated by the proctors, whose bicycles, however, were not much use as a means of catching motorised malefactors.

I recall the harassing tale of Kent Karslake, the celebrated motoring historian who 'invented' the present intense interest in pre-1930s machinery with his now-famous articles on historic racing cars in *Motor Sport*, even before the Vintage Sports Car Club was formed.

He was at Oxford and the owner of a 1912 Alfonso Hispano-Suiza in which he was wont to illegally drive about in his first year. Alas, on a day when all alternative means of returning to the City of Learning were in abeyance because of the General Strike, this even then ancient motor car chose to shed the multitude of plates from its complicated clutch, many miles away. A frantic rebuild took place to enable EKHK to clock-in, or whatever he had to do, before zero hour in Oxford.

There are similar stories of Oxford and Cambridge undergrads slinking stealthily to their forbidden motor vehicles until such time as they were authorised as being old enough to be in possession of such dangerous weapons. Not only did the Proctors regard motor-propelled carriages as dangerous. They thought them a passport to promiscuity, having overlooked the even better facilities provided by empty railway carriage compartments for sexual experiment between young male and younger female.

John Betjeman in one of his irresistible poems recalls the undergraduates' motors, '. . . In a Sports-Bugatti from Thame, that belonged to a man in Magdalen'.

Before the war there were flourishing Motor Clubs in both University cities, which ran Inter-'Varsity Speed Trials, these being more acceptable than the inevitable unofficial London-Oxford and London-Cambridge records, made after dark or in the early morning by wild drivers in sports-cars.

Today students, when they are not sitting-in, go motoring in cars more appropriate to their modest non-incomes. Heaven knows, though, they have difficulties to overcome. For example, the excessive insurance rates charged under a mysterious system which lays down that a student and an RAF officer are more liable to disaster on the road than a middle-aged business-man with ulcers or a timid, short-sighted housewife. Then there's the annual MoT vehicle inspection, which *knows* that six inches of play on the rim of a steering wheel is lethal, whereas an inch on a much faster modern car's is not. It is a hazard of the genre that, having found the required car at a street kerb or at the open-air lot of some wheeler-dealer, where prices are lowest, it may be impossible to get it on the road in full legal panoply because of a minor defect.

Yet students have motored round, or over, these problems for as long as I can remember. It all started in enlightened America, where long before the Second World War the young campus men and women scorned walking or cycling to their colleges. They came, with scarcely a hair on their upper lips, in quick Ford V8s and trendy Chevrolets. America found parking space for them and only got huffy when they ran drag races between traffic lights.

Whence, we are told, originated today's drag-strips, whereon rubber-smoking projectiles accelerating with front wheels pawing the deck can devour a standing-start quarter-mile in ten seconds, no less. All, presumably, because wise cops who couldn't catch the student's souped-up Model-Bs and V8s persuaded them it was more competitive and safe to run proper drags than to demonstrate the up-and-go qualities of their autos on the highways among cigar-smoking senators and real-estate purveyors in their brakeless gin-palaces.

Over here, 30 years later, our students contrive to motor, either by lift-thumbing or by running their own lowest form of vehicle life. Those who have cars become knowledgeable in the use of Mr. Holt's instant fixit products and about the spread of metal corrosion. They learn how to liven up the drab bolide by painting it with blooming flowers and other psychedelic embellishments. But who is to say that they are less worthy motorists than Sir Moneybags in his resplendent Silver Shadow or Neil Corner driving yet another magnificent car from his growing collection? Indeed, judging by what they get away with, St Christopher blesses students awheel, along with all the rest of us who risk extermination and heart failure by innocently pressing on the smallest pedal. And most students love motors.

It may be presumptuous for me to suggest which cars students should look for, as I have never been a student – and, anyway, the fashion in campus cars changes about as frequently as girl students' skirts rise above the thigh or fall below the knee. But obviously low fuel consumption is important.

So a typical student's auto will have a small engine. The Citroen 2CV is a good bet. It lends itself to moving digs, having alfresco meals on its detachable seats and slogging over unmade roads. And there's still room enough for fun in the back . . .

The Mini (if it has not fallen apart from erosion) is another good campus auto. So was the pre-war Sir Herbert Austin Seven, until prices of saloon Rubys worth £15 rose to £150 and the value of top-hat Seven saloons, expensive at £50, soared to around £500.

Rather before this happened the Cambridge University Austin Seven Club was formed and was soon weaned away from taking the mickey out of these immortal baby-cars, so that now it takes its place alongside other commendable Longbridge-Seven preservation organisations.

If I were an impoverished student I would be on the look out for a Ford Popular or Prefect or the earlier Anglia. Ford introduced the Ten long before World War II and its performance was notable even then. The Ford Ten saloon accelerated from 0 to 50 mph in 18.2 seconds, whereas a Ford Eight took 34.6 seconds. In those pre-war days there was an open tourer Ten which looked as if it had been poured from a jelly mould. Leslie Bellamy fitted them with blowers and a split front axle, for sports use. These would come rather long-in-the-tooth in 1971. But there are the post-war Fords with the same durable 1,172 cc side-valve engine. These Anglias and Prefects were continued until 1953, after which came the 100E versions, still side valve three-speed cars. Much is known about them, and the even-later side-valve Anglia called a Popular. They run in today's MCC long-distance Exeter and Land's End trials, often fitted with twin carburetters etc., and they represent excellent student's economical transport, together with 933 cc Ford Eights.

Then there is the revised post-1959 100E Ford New Anglia, with overhead valve 80-bore (actually 80.96 mm, with the short stroke of 48.4 mm) engine, a nice four-speed gearbox, and a body incorporating a reverse-angled back window, to prevent vision rearwards being obscured by parcels.

These more powerful Ford Anglias are, a scathing friend of mine avers, made of steel as thin as cardboard. But you have only to count them on the road to appreciate that not all of them have succumbed to the demon rust. Another useful student's car?

The Morris 1000, too, is obviously in the running, although perhaps, like A40s, it is a bit too ordinary to appeal to the young mixed-up man who is also the average student. Those with left-wing tendencies might prefer an aged Skoda, but will suffer for their convictions. Fiat 500s will pack nicely into crowded campuses. A Bradford will require only two replacement sparking plugs and, if your journeys are unhurried ones, could fill the student's bill.

You cannot read English or engineering or economics or write a thesis while driving. But ownership of a motor-car will teach students a great deal about handimanship, geography, map-reading, initiative, the value of money, the grasping ways of politicians, amateur mechanica and sex. By all means students should have cars! Although it may be more convenient, and cheaper by far, to thumb a lift in the next Continental Bentley you encounter . . . Of course, it may not stop.